

*A
Magazine for
Lovers of
Good Reading.*

THE LIGUORIAN

June

1944

The Farmer Has the Answer

Guide to Political Oratory

Sholem Asch and St. Paul

Soldier With a Purpose

South to Somewhere

Your Work for Peace

Good-Bye, U.S.A.

On Gardens

What Every Bride Should Know p. 310

Fads of Wartime p. 343

Letters From Abroad p. 339

Box A, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin

Per Year \$1.00

Canada and Foreign \$1.25

Single Copies 10c

AMONGST OURSELVES

We are not complaining, but perhaps it will be interesting to readers to know some of the difficulties that attend publishing a magazine during wartime. The editorial staff of *THE LIGUORIAN* has been skeletonized by the sacrifice of two of its members who joined the armed forces as chaplains. The problem of getting sufficient paper supplies each month is one that keeps the managers constantly on edge. The editorial offices are swamped with the number of free books, pamphlets, brochures, dodgers, open letters, propaganda sheets and advertising schemes that seem to multiply as fast as arms and munitions. Some are political propaganda pure and simple; some are efforts of industries and monopolies not to let anybody forget their marvelous record of past achievement and their promises of the future. A great many are a part of million dollar campaigns designed to prevent the country from getting too much social justice after the war. Many, of course, are part of the necessary propaganda involved in the winning of the war and of the peace. But the total amount of free literature that comes to an editor is staggering.

On top of all this, during the past month *THE LIGUORIAN* had to look about for a new printer. For 30 years it was in the hands of the Cannon Printing Co., a company which at the beginning of that period consisted of several brothers and sisters and a few other relations. It was pretty much a family affair, and just about permitted the editors of *THE LIGUORIAN* to be part of the family. Their fine work and always friendly cooperation can never be forgotten. In recent years death took several members of the family, until recently the survivors decided to sell out the business. That pushed us right into the market for a new printer. If your June *LIGUORIAN* is late, this readjustment may have something to do with it.

We glory in the fact that little of the free literature and canned propaganda that crosses our desk finds its way into *THE LIGUORIAN*, at least without being carefully analyzed and subjected to different points of view. For a restatement of our aims and objectives as editors, see the inside rear cover of this issue.

The Liguorian

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One Dollar per Year

(Canada and Foreign, \$1.25)

Entered as second-class matter August 29th, 1913, at the Post Office at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918.

Published with ecclesiastical approval.

The Liguorian



*A Popular Monthly Magazine
Alphonsus Devoted to the Growth*

*According to the Spirit of St.
of Catholic Belief and Practice*

VOL. XXXII

JUNE, 1944

No. 6

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WAITING

(Lines written for a mother and father whose son was killed in an airplane accident while they waited for him at an airfield)

Long hours we waited, Tom — your dad and I —
To see the cross of your grey plane
Outlined against the distant brilliant sky
And streak across the azure lane.
But when no motor-murmur roused our hope,
It seemed eternal standing there.

Oh now we know that only at time's end
Are we to see your smiling eye.
While waiting here for you to round earth's bend,
We did not know you passed us by
And landed on the Runway of your Field,
Awaiting our arrival, with a prayer.

— J. Peifer

YOUR WORK FOR PEACE (III)

What Americans want the whole world to be like, they must first accomplish in their own homes. For the lasting peace of many tomorrows rests on the homes of today.

D. F. MILLER

IT HAS been assumed, in these articles, that you have a strong desire to do anything within your power that will make future wars impossible after the present one is over. On that assumption you have been shown the importance of using your individual influence to reduce the number of pagans in America; of exercising your own mind and example and powers of persuasion to demonstrate to others that unless they worship God rightly, they will not only not prevent war, but will easily become the makers of war. On that assumption it has also been made clear that unless you, and a million like you, work to make America a moral nation, i.e., a nation that believes in the divine origin, necessity, and binding force of the natural law or the ten commandments, all other programs and propaganda for lasting peace will fall before the first sturdy onslaught of personal passion and ambition.

Pope Pius XII gives as the third necessary foundation of peace the *restoration of the family to its place as the rock on which a sound society is built*. There is scarcely anyone whom this point does not affect in one way or another. As a husband or wife, as a father or mother, as a son or daughter, as a statesman or priest, as a professional man or a laboring man, every American citizen has a stake or an interest in the family. It may be surprising to hear that the family has so important a relationship to peace, but a moment's thought will take the surprise away. The family is intended by God

to be the first and most powerful teacher of all those things that make men want peace. If the family fails in its task of being the first teacher, no second or third or tenth or twentieth teacher will be able to make up for its failure. If the family disintegrates, then the Church, the school, the state, and all the welfare agencies in the world will have no more than a salvage value; by working day and night they may reclaim a few individuals, but they will never be able to place society as a whole on the pathway of peace.

The words of the Pope imply that the idea of the family has become distorted and despoiled: he says "the family must be *restored*." He was not referring only to those nations in which the family has been crushed almost out of existence by the tyrannical authority of the state. He was referring also to what has happened in free America, where men and women have permitted the family to go to pieces. And it requires no genius to analyze the principal misconceptions that have sped the process in America.

THE first cause of collapse of family life in America is the false notion of love. Americans take for granted that the essential preliminary to marriage and the creation of a family is falling in love. But there are thousands who have a thoroughly false notion of what love is. Deceived by pseudo philosophers who have ridiculed the spiritual nature of man, and therefore denied both the power of his in-

tellest and free will, they recognize as love only that which stirs and gratifies their emotions. Falling in love for these means being deeply stirred and attracted by a person of the opposite sex, much after the fashion of male and female brute animals in their proper mating season. As one "falls in love," so for these one "falls out of love," i.e., one can cease to be warmly stirred and forcefully attracted by another. And when this happens, even though marriage has intervened, there is no obligation or personal duty left because "love is gone."

This is the full explanation of why many marriages fail, either to create a family or to hold a family together after it is created. "Falling out of love" as a reason for getting a divorce, breaking up a family, or making a home unhappy and inefficient, is given many names. It is called "incompatibility of temperament," "mental cruelty," "maladjusted personalities," and other high-sounding names by those whose money-making depends on inventing excuses that will let people out of their solemn obligations. But the real story is simple and might be recorded in a divorcee's diary as follows: "I fell in love and got married. I fell out of love and got unmarried."

There will never be sound and lasting homes in America until this animal-like notion of love is exchanged for the real thing. The love of a human being may awaken with a kind of animal attraction, but it belongs to the will, and in the will can survive all changes of emotion, all ups and downs of physical warmth, all the gradually discovered disillusionments of the senses. There will never be homes that will send into the world lovers and makers of peace until young people recognize the meaning of their marriage vows: "We bind ourselves to a love that is under our control, fixed in our wills, not dependent

on feeling, loyal in deeds, subject to God, till death do us part!"

THE second cause of unsound homes and insecure families in America is the all but universal notion that love — even true love as defined above — is designed for pleasure and not for work. Too many husbands and wives are looking for the exact fulfillment of the storybook ending, "They were married and lived happily ever after," without the slightest notion that the "living happily ever after" depends entirely on what kind of, and how much, work they do together. They want the happiness without the work. All love is meant to achieve things; unless it has something to do it invariably dies.

How many people start out their married life with that realization? The things that love is supposed to accomplish in marriage are very clear. It is to speed husband and wife along their way to heaven: "Huh," say the newlyweds of today, "we'll make our paradise here on earth." It is to beget children, reproductions of husband and wife and images of God: "Huh," say the young married people, "that's a bother. We'll keep our love and our happiness for ourselves alone, or have maybe one or two children — enough to support us or keep us from being lonely when we are old." It is to educate and train children, from infancy on, intellectually, morally, religiously, socially. "Huh," say the parents, "that's what the school is for. We haven't time." It is to make the family unit the original and greatest source of happiness in the world. "Huh," say the sophisticated parents, "we prefer the latest shows, the cocktail parties, the club rooms. The children have the motion pictures for enjoyment. Nowadays one buys amusement; one doesn't create it." So it goes, through every task that love is designed by the Creator to fulfill. It wants pleasure and

joy, but it doesn't want work; and the result is that families become a collection of individuals who neither give nor receive anything from one another.

From such homes a generation of peace lovers and peacemakers will never arise. Parents who lack all sense of responsibility can never give a sense of responsibility to their children. Parents who have a sense of responsibility but who leave it to the Church or the school or the Boy Scouts or the park commissioners to awaken responsibility in their children will find that these cannot give it, they can only increase it when it has first been given by the parents. Parents who do not view their love for one another as a God-given inspiration to work together, but who see it only as a legal endorsement for having good times together, are the parents of the wild, undisciplined, selfish, morally and spiritually underformed children who are on their way to becoming the leaders and rulers of tomorrow. They will rule all right; but they will not rule for peace.

ALL this, we know, is in the mind of Pope Pius XII when he says

the family must be restored to its place before the world will know permanent peace. There is plenty here for average citizens to work on. As young man or young woman, they must face the truth about love. They must know that marriage is love adopted by the will, made forever independent of feelings and emotions and circumstances, made into a trust and a commission from God. As husband and wife, they must accept the truth that love cannot be barren and idle and inactive, and live; that its tasks are definitely outlined and never-ending; that its joys are the incentive to work at these tasks, and the crowning happiness that comes only when the tasks are being fulfilled.

If you love peace, Americans, if you want peace, in God's name, take back into your families the duties you have foolishly entrusted to others! In God's name, do first in your homes what you have been asking too long for others to do for your children outside your home. In God's name, put your love to work in the kingdom of the home. Make your home what you would like the world to be; if enough of you do that, it will be a world at peace!

Australian Slang

Our correspondent in Australia reports the following important additions to his vocabulary as necessary for knowing what it is all about in that country:

* Skipped — drunk
Chivvy — back talk
Stonkered — knocked out
Cobber — pal
Wowser — stuffed shirt
Cow! — it stinks
Swaggie — a tramp
To skite — to boast

* Beano — a gala affair
Lolly shop — candy store
Plate of meat — feet
John — a cop
Joes — the blues
Fair dinkum! — Is that a fact?
Rubbadedum — a bar or pub

Three Minute Instruction

What Every Bride Should Know

When a young couple are preparing for marriage, there are several things on which they must be thoroughly instructed. The priest to whom they come has an obligation to impart this instruction, because on its depends the right understanding of the obligations and responsibilities of marriage. Sometimes the circumstances are such that proper instruction may not be received unless the couple insist on it, even going out of their way or sacrificing other engagements to receive it. These are, in general, the topics on which every bride and bridegroom must be thoroughly informed before marriage.

1. *The sacredness of the marriage bond.* Marriage is a contract between a man and a woman that has been raised to the character of a sacrament by Christ. Therefore everything that pertains to marriage is holy. Through it, husband and wife are to assist one another in saving their souls; through it they are to bring children into the world whose salvation they are to seek with their own; through it they are to give joy to one another and help one another avoid sin. All that is done in the service of these purposes is good and virtuous; and God provides special graces in marriage that they may be done properly. Therefore the couple should enter marriage in the state of grace, if possible receiving the sacraments of penance and holy Communion, and fully conscious of their responsibilities to God.

2. *The inseparability of the bond.* The couple entering marriage must know beforehand that while they are free to marry or not, once validly married they can never be freed from their obligation to one another. The reasons for this must also be known: nature forbids divorce and remarriage because divorce renders impossible the primary purpose of marriage: the proper procreation and education of children. God has explicitly prohibited divorce and remarriage, stigmatizing it as adultery. And He has created in the hearts of men and women the instinctive desire to promise fidelity until death to the partners they have chosen.

3. *The rights and duties of marriage.* In marriage a man and woman give to one another the right to their bodies, for all the activities necessary for the procreation of children, and, subject to that purpose, for the manifestation of love and the giving of joy to one another. Thorough knowledge of what is right and wrong in the exercise of the marriage privilege should be had before marriage, and no one should assume that he or she knows enough about it and needs no instruction. The number of unhappy marriages caused by ignorance or misinformation about the privilege is incalculable. Joined to this instruction must be that concerning allied duties toward one another, toward children, toward parents and relatives.

The above is not to be taken as a complete instruction. It is only an outline of the subjects to be covered in such an instruction. The important point is that every engaged and soon-to-be-married couple should insist that they be given a thorough instruction on the rights and duties of marriage by a priest.

ON GARDENS

The story of one man's love for the beauty that God has woven into flowers, and the joy it gave to his last years.

J. J. GALVIN

THE man who makes a garden is akin to all the poets of the race, for in so doing he ministers the balm of beauty to the shopworn hungry souls of his neighbors. Out of the boulders and trampled rubbish of a vacant lot, he patiently evokes a thing of beauty, a plot of cool green leaves and fragrant blossoms for the free delight of every passer-by. I daresay he is very close to God. For he thus indulges the divine instinct to create, albeit with mattock and sickle and hose, even as the First Gardener did, before He deigned to make the first young man.

A garden, wherever it be planted, is never more than a stone's throw from heaven. It is the meeting place of the angels, for any Christian knows that it is one of the chores of the minor angels to untwine the morning-glories, unpack the roses, and open the white umbrellas of the lilies. Butterflies congregate in gardens, and strumming honeybees. In the early morning, long before the sleepyheads awake, gardens ring with giddy sparrows squirting jets of music in each other's eyes. The south wind walks on its fingers and does somersaults in gardens. And in the late afternoon, God himself must stroll in gardens as He used to among the larkspur and hollyhocks of Paradise in the care-free days when humankind was young.

Gardens are meant to exalt the heart of a man. They were meant so from the beginning. They are intended to keep us plodders who drive plows and pens and taxicabs in mind of our true beginning and our certain temporal end. For out of the garden soil our common ancestor Adam was fashioned, and back to the same soil we all must one day

go. Blessed is the man who plants and tends a garden; for he can hardly be far from God!

ONCE knew such a man. As far back as I can remember, he was puttering with gardens: stooping among clumps of coreopsis and calendula; weeding the rose beds; sowing zinnias and asters and petunias; raking and hoeing and pruning to his heart's content. At that time he lived on a small island within sprayshot of the Atlantic, so that beyond the purple spires of the larkspur you could see the white yacht sails of Marblehead; and in the evening when the sun slid down behind the steeples of Salem, his garden had the sea and the whole western sky for its setting. It was a thing of splendor that I can clearly recall to this very day.

Though I was then but shoulder high to a daisy, I would help him in the garden, and with the keen quick mind of childhood I mastered the name of every flower he grew. It would delight his heart to have me troll them off for any casual visitor: lupine and gladioli from Killarney of the lakes; red heather from the highlands of Scotland; blue anchusa from the land of Spain; poppies from Monterey . . . mignonette and balsam and sweet william . . . I could name them all. I knew when they were to blossom, how tall they would grow, how long they would last, what color they would be . . . things I have long since forgotten.

But my father did not forget. With the passing years we had to quit our island and its garden. We moved to the stone and asphalt city . . . to Roxbury we came, and had no garden of our own.

His work gave him no time for flowers, but it could not keep him from dreaming of them; and so, when he finally could buy a home, the first thing he did was to sow a patch of flowers. Not too many, but just enough to make the front yard distinct from any other on Calumet Street. There were window boxes full of pink geranium and fuchsia and petunia; and a rambling rose was trained over the front door.

In the evening after a long day's work he would often lean on the railing of the back veranda, staring abstractedly at the back yard for long spells at a time. It was a yard no different from any of its neighbors: a fenced-in rectangle of ground so footworn and trampled that nothing but tansey and succory had heart to grow there. Clotheslines straddled it, sagging with laundry on Monday, and with children the rest of the week. For if they weren't dangling by their heels from the clothes props, they were climbing the big maple tree in the corner . . . or making lean-to tents against the rickety ash shed. Now they were whooping like painted Iroquois on the warpath against the Cherokees, scalping the pigtailed of screaming tomboys, or quietly puffing the surreptitious calumet. It was a very prosaic and ordinary yard.

Leaning against the rail of the veranda, he would survey with patient eye the ravages of the day's shenanigans. The neighbors, chatting and smoking their pipes, supposed he was cooling off like themselves, looking down across the old quarry to the people passing along Tremont St., scanning the outspread city with its prim conservative skyline, picking out the more pretentious buildings with a coasting glance. There on the left the white pillars of the Harvard Medical, then a green patch of trees that was the Fenway, further on the gleaming golden dome of the State House, and finally to the ex-

treme right, closer and therefore more commanding than all the rest, the twin spires of the Mission Church . . . watching for the first glimmering lights of the electric signs, and the prickling twinkle of the first small stars.

BUT my father was doing more than cooling off in his shirt sleeves, more than scanning the high lights of Greater Boston, more than inspecting his bald uncomely yard. Actually he was dreaming. He was scheming out of slow nothing a thing of beauty to delight the eye: envisioning dainty clumps of clownish columbine and sword-leaved iris, stately sunflowers and corps of hollyhocks . . . a garden such as he had long since on the little island within earshot of the pounding ocean. All through the summer this leaning on the veranda rail and dreaming was his unfailing ritual.

And then one October evening, to the surprise of his neighbors, he began to break up the pounded ground of his back yard. Soon he was uprooting the posts of the clotheslines; removing the slatternly ash shanty piece by piece . . . toiling night after night until darkness drove him into the house. On succeeding evenings he manured the spaded earth, and the neighbors wisely surmised that he planned to plant something: potatoes, perhaps, or pole beans . . . they could not say! Little did they suspect the dream that glimmered in the back of his head. And they strayed completely off the scent when they watched his next strange move. For just around Halloween he engaged a crowd of youngsters to go down into the old quarry back of the yard and bring up all the cobbles and boulders they could lift between them, until he had a great cairn of stones in the middle of the yard. Then the nights grew chilly, and soon there was snow . . . and the yard was abandoned till the spring.

All through the winter he paged

through seed catalogues, musing near the kitchen fire, dreaming of flowers in bloom. And early in March when the thaw had set in, he set once more to work: this time with trowel and mortar. He began to assemble the heap of stones in the far corner of the yard, piling them slowly evening by evening, fixing them deftly in place with slashes of wet cement. It might be a fancy ash shed he was building, or the start of a stone fence, for all the neighbors knew . . . until one evening he fashioned out a hollow niche crowned with a gothic arch . . . and they knew it was a grotto. What else could it be?

April came with small green leaves and the earth was soft under the heel again, and he began to plant things here and there: a vine along the high fence that faced the quarry; a few roses in one corner, some iris bulbs in another; and seeds of all sorts he scattered and covered with soil. By June the neighbors knew it was to be a flower garden; by July the roses were blazing like fireworks white and scarlet and pink, the iris shaking pretty purple curlicues in the wind. By August the tall fence was green with vine leaves that blocked from view the ugly gap of the quarry; and the whole yard was bright with tumbling shocks of color: zinnias, petunias, marigolds, and towering dahlias.

But this was only a beginning! These were but common garden flowers, seeds or bulbs you could buy at any corner shop. His dream was still but a sketch. Next year he would have a still better garden. That was why he haunted the greenhouses of his old-time gardener friends of the North Shore; that was why he shamelessly made friends with the mammon of iniquity . . . if they had a strange new plant or shrub in their front yard! Wherever he went his eye was on the alert for a new kind of blossom . . . some rare shade of color,

some arresting fantastic leaf. Hardly a week went by but he brought home a new bundle of roots and cuttings . . . and promptly put them out to grow. Gladioli that had won prizes at Newport; delphinium like Chartres windows; dahlias the color of a cardinal's hat.

Year after year he added new surprises . . . until one final year that he aimed to make the matchless climax of them all . . . the year of his son's First Mass. He must have planned it with slow and patient calculation, musing over it seed by seed and flower by flower for many a winter night, for it made the eye blink in staring unbelief . . . it was like a peep through the keyhole of Paradise!

Tubs of brilliant fuchsia and geranium squatted solidly on twin piers of brick, their blossoms all but shrilling hysterical welcomes as you passed between them into the garden. There was something for each of the five senses of a man, something to remind him, as all beauty must, of the things no eye hath seen! For your foot there was crisp blue gravel that uttered a pleasant crunch under the shoe; for your ear, there was the business of hornet and honeybee, the tinkle of water as a passing sparrow shirred its wing tip in the bird bath, or a goldfish stirred the pods in the small round pool. Your nostrils could snuff in the wispy smell of mint and balsam and honeysuckle; and your eyes alternately ached and tingled with color.

THE fences were gala as a Spanish holiday, gay with fluttering shawls of blooming roses, roses of every kind and color. There were dainty peach-stone blossoms with petals like tropical shells. Small pink buds, small as the noses of rabbits . . . pink as a child's face on a winter day. And white roses, too; and roses of creamy yellow that made your mouth almost drool to look at; and

some were a cranberry red. They thronged the fences, great clusters of them jostling and kissing each other in the puffs of air. Not a flower was in disarray. Every blossom seemed to have opened just for this morning.

Pathways ran off in every direction, making plots of ever so many sizes: quaint little oblongs of smoldering poppies and orange nasturtiums; sail-shaped beds of foxglove and aconite; elfin triangles of golden daisies; squares of purple iris and mignonette . . . and then there were long narrow borders of mischievous petunias scrambling in pink disorder into the gravel walks.

Along the main walk of the garden there was larkspur, tall spikes of thick blue blossoms, stately as knights with drawn blue swords; and beside them there were madonna lilies blooming a month before their schedule, standing almost shoulder high to you, nodding their slim white buds and open blossoms, like cloistered nuns at the Magnificat. An alley of white and blue it was . . . larkspur and madonna lilies! You followed them down to the far end of the garden, and there in the corner stood the Madonna herself in her new-made grotto. She stood there with the wide blue sky behind her as though this were the edge of the world. Of set purpose the tall fence had been made to eclipse the old quarry and the rest of Boston . . . so that the only hint of existence beyond the fence were the spires of the Mission Church telling the quarter hours in flights of wonderful bells. And as a final touch to the whole garden, the blue pebbled walks were edged with glittering rows of green and amber bottles, pushed upside down into the ground, so that the sunlight snagged in their flashy bottoms and made them glow.

To find such a thing of beauty at the brink of a bleak-looking quarry, squeezed between yards full of clothes-

lines and rickety ash sheds, seemed so downright incredible; it made you rub your eyelids and look once more. It was as though Fairyland had forsaken the storybooks and was there as plain as Puck under your own veranda rail!

The following year my father had another garden . . . but never so stunning as that year before. Somehow he had grown older. His legs ached with lassitude; and a sharp pain would often shoot through his toes. Sometimes it made him limp but he still puttered in the flower beds, hoeing and weeding the whole afternoon. They say that the birds would sometimes light on his shoulders, he would be there so much. But at long last his foot swelled up with angry pain, and he had to give in. It was late September anyhow; and soon there would be frost.

But before the frost came surgeons and nurses, and by autumn he had lost his leg. He would walk no more in his garden. At best he could stand by and watch his wife coaxing it back into blossom. He could give her directions aplenty from his chair on the veranda. So at least he thought!

BUT with spring, just when the tulips were popping into color round the grotto . . . something happened. One March morning he awoke, and found everything around him different. The bedroom was out of focus; the windows were squares of dull red haze; even his garden was drowned in a thick red mist. In a few days he had completely lost his sight.

But the garden went on just the same. Day by day he would advise my mother what to do: how deep to plant the dahlia bulbs; where to sow bee-balm and honeysuckle; which plants needed manure; what buds should be nipped. No morning passed but he inquired about the garden: if the phlox had started to bloom yet, whether the

hollyhocks were tall. And his wife would patiently describe the whole garden for him: the tiger lilies in bud, and the zinnias brighter than ever, and how this morning a new gladiolus had opened, the prettiest shade of orchid. And he would sit there rocking and listening in his cramped unlighted world, listening with closed eyes, and picturing every blossom and where they grew; picturing the grotto he had made with his own hands, and the birdbath, and the little pool. There was his garden within reach of his groping hand, for everyone to feast their eyes on, but himself. The thought of it must have broken his heart. But he never let on in the least, as he sat there rocking and dreaming in

the long dark night that is a blind man's day.

And then one summer's morning he mercifully passed away. And the darkness must have melted suddenly; and he was walking on two firm legs, walking in a garden immeasurably fairer than his own. And the world's first Gardener was with him; and there were purple larkspur there, and snow-clean lilies. And *She* was there, too, for whom he once had built a grotto out of cobblestones. And chimes were ringing somewhere out of sight; but they were not telling quarter hours of time . . . for Time had ceased. And the flowers would never close and never wither; and the frost would come no more.

Battle Hymn of the Seminarian

Not for me the gun, grenade,
Not for me to march, parade,
But for me a constant prayer
For all the lads who fight out there.

Not for me the jungle strife,
Nor the bayonet and knife,
But for me the chapel's shrine,
Where prayers like stars shall rise and shine.

Not for me the muddied hole,
Living like a frenzied mole;
Mine instead the bloodless price
Of prayer, for peace, and sacrifice.

Not for me a hero's grave,
Nor the medals of the brave,
Mine to give my life away
That peace may come and peace may stay.

— Daniel Schmidt

FOR WIVES AND HUSBANDS ONLY

D. F. MILLER



Problem: We have five children, the two eldest of high school age. The most difficult of all our problems is that of answering the children's argument, over something we refuse to permit, that "all the other kids do it"; or that "other mothers and fathers let their children do so and so; why can't we?" In scores of issues the argument is flung at us: if we insist that they be home from a party at a given time, if we forbid them to go to dubious places of amusement, if we ask them to help around the house, other people's children are made a proof of our unfairness. Have you any suggestions?

Solution: This problem has been presented to us in many forms by many different parents. It cannot be doubted that it creates one of the major difficulties of serious-minded parents in the upbringing of their children. And it is safe to say that the rapid spread of irresponsibility among children is due in large part to the fact that parents are too easily swayed by the argument: "Others are permitted to do this; why can't we?" Sometimes the example of only one child in a neighborhood, whose parents do not care whether it ends in a reform school or not, leads other more well-intentioned parents to give their children more rope. They do not need much, figuratively speaking, to hang themselves.

Our first suggestion, to meet this situation, would be that parents make a part of their instructions to their children from the earliest age, the fact that they live in a country that is predominantly pagan; that even many Catholics are poor Catholics; that many of the things that are done both by parents and children are dangerous and foolish; that sincere Catholics have an obligation of being different than the majority. This kind of instruction can be developed into a healthy sense of responsibility; so that the children gradually come to feel that they are helping others when they stand up against their bad example or dangerous liberties. Without a background of such instruction, begun very early, it is difficult to carry out a consistent program of discipline and watchfulness without frequent rebellion.

The second suggestion is that parents try harder and harder to make themselves sufficient motive for the children's obedience, even when they are asked to do things that few other parents ask. Parents are often to blame for the rebelliousness of their children; they give little of themselves, of their time, interest, practical love, and then complain that the children don't seem to want to obey. Parents worth loving seldom have too much trouble with disobedience.

SOUTH TO SOMEWHERE

Chaplain's log, on a vessel sailing the South Pacific, crowded to the rails with American soldiers.

L. G. MILLER

THE ship on which this article is being written is at the moment traversing the watery wastes of the Pacific. This transport is no different, it may be supposed, than numerous other transports, and like others it contains within its innermost depths a tiny room designated as the Chaplain's Office. This particular Chaplain's Office is not so much a room as a closet. In some former day of splendor through which the ship passed it was designed to serve as a powder room for the ladies. There is a full length mirror on one side, and on the other a ledge surmounted by smaller mirrors before which, no doubt, milady sat and made herself pretty for the captain's dinner.

The purpose of the room as well as its neat and sparkling appearance is now radically changed. One wall is covered with shelves containing books and pamphlets of all sizes and descriptions. Novels by Faith Baldwin and Zane Grey nestle close to pious treatises published by the American Baptist Society. Detective stories with covers pictorially dripping with gore rub elbows with Salvation Army hymnals. The religious books are mostly contributed by the multiple Protestant societies established for that purpose. There are a few Catholic publications, but unfortunately, the number is considerably out of proportion to the rest.

The secular books are present by grace of the excellent Victory Book Campaign. Some fine titles are represented, but many of them obviously are such that their donation caused the owners few or no pangs of regret.

In one corner there is a miscellaneous

collection of articles. Without even stirring the pile, one observes the following: boxing gloves, chess sets, hymnals, steel helmets, canteen cups, decks of cards, boxes of shaving lotion, cartons of cigarettes, a priest's Mass kit, and cases of candy.

The explanation of the presence of some of these articles affords an interesting sidelight on the extracurricular work which the chaplain by force of circumstances sometimes finds himself undertaking. Every transport, before it sails, is supplied with various articles by the Red Cross, the American Legion, the NCCS, and other like organizations. The contributions include everything which can be conceived as helping the morale of the soldier during the crossing. Hence the shaving lotion. Hence the candy bars. Hence the cards and checkers. Who but the chaplain is the logical person to see to the distribution of these articles? Who indeed? Into the chaplain's office they are carried, box after box and carton after carton.

THERE is a Special Service officer attached to the transport, but space is so much at a premium that he is often unable to find an office of his own, so into the chaplain's office goes his equipment: boxing gloves, movie projector, and all the rest.

Another interesting little item which by some natural power of gravitation not yet sufficiently explored devolves upon the chaplain is the lost and found department. With a large number of troops on board, it can easily be imagined what this entails. The average American soldier is capable of losing

anything from his raincoat to his undershirt, and all this wonderful variety of articles finds its way into the chaplain's office.

In the midst of this teeming beehive the chaplain sits and tries to take care of six different matters at the same time. Outside the door there is a constant roar and bustle as the enlisted men pass back and forth to their meals or huddle on the floor in a mysterious ritual centering around two little dotted squares. In a single day upwards of fifty visitors will file into the office, turning in articles they have found or looking for things they have lost. Numerous other visitors stream in on numerous other kinds of business, from the sublime to the ridiculous. Within the office there are always people sitting around with their backs to the wall as if at a funeral parlor. Christian Scientists come there to hold a circle. As this is being written, a Mormon quartet, standing about three feet behind the writer, is rendering with infinite sadness and solemnity a little number in preparation for their next service, lovingly drawing out the end chords.

In the early morning the priest chaplain goes to the chaplain's office to say his Mass. This in itself presents a problem. The office is the only place on the ship available at that time. In the office there is no table, and in the absence of one we fixed upon the ledge mentioned above as a fixture of the room. But the ledge in itself was too low. To remedy this, we placed two cases of Salvation Army hymnals, one next to the other, on the ledge, and this brought the altar to the desired height. On this doubtful platform we laid our altar cloths and set up our candles and crucifix, using two or three pocket New Testaments, Protestant version, to give the latter elevation. We would have been glad to use Catholic literature for this purpose but when the ship was

loaded the Catholic sources of such literature had informed us that their supplies were exhausted.

With the altar thus set up, flanked on one side by three or four pair of boxing gloves and on the other by a large case of shaving lotion, we said our daily Mass. One learns not to be too distracted in such surroundings, enforced by sheer necessity.

WHEN someone comes in and requests that we hear his Confession, an even worse situation presents itself. The office is always seemingly full of people on one kind of business or another. No moment of privacy can be assured. After a desperate canvass of the situation in one such instance, the priest led his penitent into a tiny room just off the office. It was a room whose purpose shall not be so much as whispered. But the confession was none the less sincere for being made in such unconventional circumstances.

The crowning moment in the Catholic chaplain's day on board the transport is the troop Mass. In this transport we say it in a large mess hall. Every day, seven days a week and several times on Sunday, the hall is crowded with men coming to hear Mass and receive Communion. There are several priests on board this transport, and while one of us says Mass, the others hear Confessions. There is an endless stream of these Confessions, and a correspondingly large number of Holy Communions. Saying Mass in such circumstances is an unutterable consolation. The server goes about his duties with life jacket slung over his shoulder, and through the mess hall, behind the high tables, can be seen the earnest faces of the Catholic boys and men who are finding renewal of strength and courage in assisting at the age-old sacrifice of Christ.

An Australian soldier who happened

to be on board approached us one morning after Mass and said: "What is it that makes you American Catholics turn out so well for daily Mass? The crowd here every day has amazed me."

We don't know what it is, unless it is the solid Catholic education which many of them have received, coupled with a native sincerity in their religion as in everything else. With others — many others, alas — one wonders if their indifference is as much their own fault as it is the fault of Catholic parents who neither by word or example put the stamp of the faith on the hearts of their children. We would not care

to be in the place of such parents when their time of accounting comes.

AT NIGHT, with the ship riding quietly beneath the soft and twinkling veil of deep Southern skies, we sit on deck and let the cool night breeze wash away the hotness of the day. The war seems remote for the moment, and always at such a time, no matter what have been the anxieties of the previous hours, there comes the consoling thought that God who made us will, if we observe it, send us a better peace than we have ever had.

Appropriated Property

The *New York Times* of February 29 reported a B.B.C. broadcast to Germany which stated that more than 3,400 Catholic monasteries and clerical institutions in Germany were confiscated by the Nazis during the first three years and eight months of the war — to May 1, 1943.

German Catholic priests and German Catholic theological students have suffered heavy war casualties, the B.B.C. said, basing its information on "a reliable census" taken within Germany.

The Nazis also "appropriated" many Catholic monasteries in Germany before the war. Of the 1,942 monasteries taken over up to May 1, 1943, ostensibly for the Nazi war effort, 502 were used as military hospitals, 201 for evacuated children from bombed areas; 39 were used as lodgings for Nazi laborers and 989 were designed for "other" purposes. These were mostly for uses by various Nazi party organizations.

Of 1,469 other Catholic buildings "appropriated" in the same period, 173 were converted into military hospitals, 116 were used for evacuated children, 216 for "resettlers," 51 for lodgings for Nazi laborers and the remaining 913 mostly for Nazi party purposes.

In the same period, 16,495 Catholic priests and theological students were inducted into the German Army. Of these, 1,597 were killed at the front, 593 were listed as missing and about 100 were so seriously wounded they cannot resume their professional tasks.

English Catholic News Letter

Inside Information

During the first World War, Marshal Foch's chauffeur was being constantly asked by his companions: "Pierre, tell us this: when is the war going to end? You ought to know."

"The minute I hear anything, I shall tell you," Pierre would reply.

One day he came to his comrades and said: "The Marshal spoke today."

"Oh! What did he say?"

"He said: 'Pierre, what do you think of the war now? When is it going to end?'"

The Stigmata

THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

ON THE ADEQUACY OF GRACE

L. F. HYLAND

There is a principle running through all Catholic teaching to the effect that for every hardship that God permits a human being to experience He provides him with ample grace and strength to bear it courageously and to profit by it immensely. A man may think that if a certain misfortune were to befall him, it would overwhelm him; but he should immediately remind himself that if God really destines such a catastrophe for him, God will send with it the grace necessary to bear up calmly under it.

There is much consolation for shut-ins in this truth. There is no cross without its special graces. More than that, the cross that is sent is usually one that has been selected out of many possible crosses as most necessary and fitting and appropriate for the person to whom it is given.

An old story illustrates this truth clearly. There once lived a man, the story goes, who complained every day about the particular cross he had been given to carry. He was forever wishing that he could exchange crosses with somebody else, thinking that any hardship would be easier to bear than the one he had been sent. One night he had a dream. He dreamed that an angel came to his bedside, woke him up, bade him rise, took him by the arm and led him to a vast room or hall. In that hall he saw innumerable crosses, some large and some small, some of gold and some of silver and some of wood, some bright with jewels and some dull and unadorned. The angel said to him: "Here are all the crosses of the world. Examine them; try them, if you will. Then choose one, and the one you choose will be yours."

The man set about trying out the various crosses. He lifted up a small one made of gold, but he found it so heavy that he could scarcely raise it to his shoulder. He picked up one that was studded with jewels, but the jewels cut into the flesh of his shoulder and he quickly put it down again. So he examined a score of crosses, finding each one too heavy or too sharp or too painful. At last he came on one that was made of plain ordinary wood. He picked it up and found it was a very light kind of wood; he set it on his shoulder and found that he hardly noticed it there. "I'll take this one," he said to the angel quickly; "this shall be my cross." Then the angel smiled and bade him examine it more closely. The man looked at it, and found his name inscribed upon it, and the date when it had been made for him. It was the cross he had been carrying all along, the one about which he had so bitterly complained.

So it is with many people, especially with shut-ins. They complain about their cross, not knowing that of all the crosses they might be carrying, the one they were actually given was perfectly designed to their strength and need.

GUIDE TO POLITICAL ORATORY

How to construct a political speech in one easy lesson. Good for any candidate, any party, any presidential year.

L. M. MERRILL

SINCE this is a national election year, the air will soon be filled with political speeches. Before such speeches can be given, they have to be prepared, and beyond a doubt there will be many politicians, party leaders, ward bosses, etc., casting about for material. After a thorough study of most of the political presidential speeches of the past fifty years, we have decided to come to the aid of those electioneers who find it difficult to think of the right things to say.

The advantage of this instruction will be that it can be used by promoters of either of the great parties that will be seeking to elect their candidates. About seventy-five per cent of the speeches we have studied could be turned in favor of either party, with only the change of a word here and there. There are four cardinal principles to be followed in the making of a good political speech: (1) be loud and vigorous; (2) idealize, idolize, and apotheosize your candidate, which may be yourself; (3) make promises with the utmost abandon, while proving that your opponent has done nothing or can do nothing; (4) call down the shades of Jefferson (if a Democrat) or of Lincoln (if a Republican) and of Washington (if either) to stand testimony to the fact that your man is ready and willing and able to "carry on the great traditions of the greatest nation in the world."

With these cardinal principles kept in mind, the political orator should never fail to touch on a certain number of points without which no political speech worth the breath spent on it should ever be given. The first of these

subjects is that of federal spending. The message to be gotten across, by all means, is very simple. It is this: The opposing party, when in power, always spends too much, taxes too much, and gives too little to the people. If our party is elected, we shall spend very little, everybody's taxes will be lowered, and yet we shall give the people ten times more than they ever received before. If the speech is being made by someone on the side of the party seeking re-election, then of course the tune changes a little. The emphasis is on how much higher the taxes might have been (and would have been had the other party been in power) and on the many and great benefits that accrued to the people. It is not well, either for the "ins" or the "outs," to go too much into particulars either as to how taxes will be reduced or as to how greater benefits will be wrung from less income. Nowadays, with reporters taking down speeches and newspapers keeping a complete file of back numbers, somebody is liable to dig up the specific promises later on and fling them in the teeth of the administration that made them. But it will do no harm to repeat over and over: "We promise to lower your taxes; we promise to spend less money; and we promise to give all the people more of everything always."

In the old days this was the spot in the speech where one glided into the topic of "balancing the budget." (Nowadays the topic is no longer brought up, except in a squeak here and there, for the simple reason that the budget is unbalanceable by anybody. In its place will usually be found an "elegy on fu-

ture generations" and how sad they will be trying to pay off the debts made by bad administrations today.) Some of the old speeches produced remarkable high jinks on the subject of balancing the budget. The "ins" explained at length why it wasn't balancing, or showed by a simple process of logic that it was just as good as balanced; while the "outs" swore that the source of all the nation's troubles was the unbalanced budget, and pledged themselves by all things sacred to balance it in a trice if they would be permitted to get hold of it. Ah, happy days!

AFTER taxes, federal spending and budget balancing, the next most necessary part of a presidential political speech is unemployment. Inasmuch as there has always been unemployment in the United States (save during the world war periods), most political speeches of the past have dwelt on it. Even during war they deal with it as the major postwar problem. What does one say about unemployment when one is giving a political speech? The answer is easy. One says that he is against it. He also comes as close to saying that his opponents are for it as he gracefully can. He looks up the latest figures of the Brookings Institute or a similar fact-finding agency and with deep concern and sympathy vociferates them down the last tiny digit. Like this: "There are four million, five hundred and seventy-six thousand, eight hundred and ninety-two unemployed in the country as of June 1st, 19—. Think of it, my friends: four million, etc., etc., unemployed! Perhaps you are one of them. Perhaps you will be one of them tomorrow. Who will stop this terrifying trend?" Then, of course, after a good pause, the name of your candidate is dramatically enunciated. "He will see that everybody has a job. When he gets into office, unemployment will vanish

like snow in April. Never again will honest toil be withheld from Americans!"

The subject of unemployment leads naturally into that of capital and labor. Here one has an opportunity for some plain and fancy water carrying on both shoulders. On the one hand, it must be promised, capital will not be stifled, penalized, handicapped and hamstrung, because "that would destroy our glorious traditions of free enterprise and put a stop to the magnificent progress that has made America the greatest nation in the world." On the other hand, "it will be remembered by the great administration you are about to elect, that the laboring man is the backbone of America; without his honest toil nothing would ever have been accomplished; the future hopes of America rest squarely in his hands." Since the laboring man's votes far outnumber those of the capitalist, one can go to any lengths in praising him. However, the mistake must not be made of giving any definite promises, such as full support for free collective bargaining, the guaranteeing of a living family annual wage, or the establishing of minimum wages and hours. To do that might alienate the capitalists, who may not have many votes but who have plenty of money for campaigning. This part of the speech must therefore be copiously supplied with "on the one hand" and "on the other." "On the one hand capital must be free; on the other labor must not be a slave." Nobody can either cavil at such statements or throw them up to one later on as unfulfilled pledges.

HAVING thus neatly solved domestic problems, the political orator turns to a discussion of foreign relations. Here again he is on dangerous ground. Words must be chosen carefully; ideas and definite statements must be eschewed. A few catchwords

help immensely. The phrase "foreign entanglements" has great value; the speaker must be against them, in the name of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, et al. While on this subject, no mention should be made of the fact that the usual quotations from the great presidents of the past condemning foreign entanglements do not present their full mind on the subject; you take only those quotations that support your side. On the other hand, however, mindful of the vast economic investments that huge American corporations and rich capitalists have in foreign countries, you must not close the door entirely to dealings with them. A brief description of the smallness of the world because of the progress of transportation facilities may be introduced here, followed by the seemingly innocuous statement "that we cannot live entirely alone today. We must do business with our neighbors. There must be exchange of products between one nation and another, etc., etc." Thus nobody will suspect that you are not going to impede the most dangerous foreign entanglements of all, viz., those engineered by money.

If the speaker is especially gifted in the art of phrasemaking, he may use the opportunity here for a few words about tariffs. Having in mind that, on the one hand, domestic producers want high tariffs on imported articles that compete with theirs, and that, on the other hand, those who make a living by importing articles from abroad or by dealing with foreign concerns want low tariffs or no tariffs, the orator must do a bit of tight-rope dancing with his words. Something like this: "We favor the protection of American growers and manufacturers by insisting on a reasonable tariff that will prevent their being undersold and ruined. On the other

hand, we believe that free trade has its advantages, and shall see to it that no unfair barriers are raised to strangle legitimate business in any of the commodities of the world." That will fix them all, and each side will quote only the part that applies to them.

The speech should close with a few generalizing pot shots at the friends and associates of the opponent, the men who will be chosen for cabinet offices and key positions, if (which God forbid!) he should be elected. The definite impression should be left that all the brilliant administrators, honest politicians, and self-sacrificing public servants, are on one side. The opponent has only second-raters, impractical theorists, and near Communists to choose from. Never has the country had such a collection of geniuses handling its affairs as it will have when the returns are in and our great candidate is elected.

THESE, then, are the rules to be followed in the construction of a political speech in a presidential year. They will be just as good a hundred years from now as they are today. Having revealed the secret, having let the cat out of the bag, having uncorked the perfume, we now add a word for the voting public. When you see the above principles incorporated in a political speech, when you listen to yards of verbiage with scarcely a clear thought or a specific statement in the whole, when "on the one hand" is always balanced by "on the other," and tit is always followed by tat, know that you are listening to a politician and not to a statesman. And don't let the politician lull you with musical words into misusing the most precious privilege you possess — that of voting for true statesmen to rule your nation.

Publicity is a voice loud enough to drown any remarks made by the public. — *Chesterton*

GOOD-BYE U. S. A.

These are days of many partings and departures. Yet it is safe to say that most of those who leave home and country to take part in a world war will return long before those whose departure is described here. Theirs is to be another kind of war.

R. A. GAYDOS

PEOPLE must have turned around and stared as they passed the priest's house near St. Mary's Church in Miami on the night of February twenty-seventh. The porch was quite dark but cigarettes glowed in the blackness of the warm night and howls of laughter rang out across the lawns. Now and then the 'phone bell would ring inside the house. Then you would see and hear three husky men in shirt sleeves scurry in to answer it. False alarm. They would trickle out to the porch again. Then the laughter began anew.

They were four Redemptorist missionary priests on the porch that evening, rehashing old stories and laughing over them with a sailor friend of by-gone seminary days. This was their last night in the States. Tomorrow these priests would make their final break with the things they loved and held dear as part of themselves — relatives, friends, language, country. Tomorrow the Clipper would fly them to Brazil to work and sweat and suffer for a foreign people who needed spiritual aid. It meant traveling more than a thousand miles up the Amazon River, deep into the very heart of the tropical interior. It meant the heat and humidity of living on the equator in the midst of thick and impenetrable jungle sometimes referred to by writers as the "green hell." There would be alligators, leopards, monkeys, poisonous snakes, hordes of mosquitoes, perhaps sickness and other dangers they could not know about beforehand. There would be a continuous flow of exhaust-

ing missionary work in the State of Amazonas, three times the size of Texas with approximately 460,000 souls and only about twenty-four priests. It meant leaving home for at least six years, during which period there could be no returning.

That was tomorrow. Tonight was still theirs, so they enjoyed themselves while waiting for long distance telephone connections to their homes.

Father Alphonse Abadie was laughing and smiling as he seemed to do twenty-four hours every day. The porch furniture creaked under his weight as he moved. His back was moist with sweat from his two hundred and forty pounds and his shirt glued itself to the chair, but he did not mind. He liked warm climates because his home was at New Orleans. In a few moments, perhaps, he would be talking with his mother there by long distance.

Father Norman Muckermann, only a size or two smaller than Primo Carnera, drawled out an imitation of an old seminary prof. Father Muckermann ("Muck" to his companions) was quick to see humor and always tickled to point it out. When he laughed, all of his heavy six-foot-four rumbled with him. This answer to a football coach's prayer was nervously anxious about his 'phone call to St. Louis even as he joked. The waiting was a greater strain on him, perhaps, than on the others. Once he had reminded the operator that he had placed a long distance call for St. Louis over an hour ago. "Yes," she had said, "there are only two hundred

calls ahead of you." After that he was more glad to join in the fun. It helped each of them to hide his own nervousness.

Father Bernard Van Hoomissen smoked nervously, crumbling and uncrumbling an empty cigarette package in his hands. He talked pleasantly and was the storyteller *par excellence* of the lot. His gestures were picturesque and expansive. Father Van had reason to doubt about his 'phone call. It had to come through from Portland, Oregon—and he had not been too sure of his dad's private number!

The coolest customer of the group was Father Frederick Stratman, known affectionately as "The Brain" or "Fred" or simply as "Strat." Methodical and scientific as a thesis in aerodynamics, Father Stratman had put off calling his home in Omaha until the next morning. The years he had once worked at Bell Telephone taught him the lines would be more or less idle. He laughed in a pleasing bass voice and without strain. He always gave you the impression that he was thinking. Most of the time he probably was.

THE sailor's name was Ed. He did not talk much. He could have told them about ports they would touch in the Caribbean Sea, but that was part of their tomorrow. Besides, it was too much fun listening. He marveled that they were so happy and so utterly indifferent to the eventualities of Brazil that were before them. They were actually ready for anything and for the moment caring only about getting there. On the side, too, he speculated as to how much money the Pan-American Airways was losing on them. None of them looked lighter than 200 pounds.

Three times the 'phone rang, only to carry local calls for the pastor. Finally Portland came through. Father Van excitedly hurried to the telephone.

In a few minutes he joined the others. Naturally, his eyes blinked mistily, trying to focus through the bit of tear. His heart raced its motor and he took big, deep breaths. Then St. Louis and New Orleans called. Fathers Muckermann and Abadie were the same as Father Van. It is not easy to say goodbye to a voice you know you will not hear for six years, or maybe forever, so the calls were extremely touching. They were so significant. So important. Like a last kiss, always to be remembered and held sacred.

After the last telephone call, Fathers Abadie and Stratman started packing their overnight bags for the trip. The other two watched because their own bags were down at the hotel.

Not many people like to pack bags, especially for air travel. The missionaries-to-be had already sent their suitcases to the airport and had pooled the weight. Each was allowed fifty pounds on his ticket. After weighing, the officials told them they still had twenty-three pounds between the four of them. That is not much weight; only a little over five pounds apiece.

Horrors! The kitchen scale showed that Father Abadie's canvas overnight bag weighed three pounds with nothing in it! Regretfully he cut his items down to the barest essentials. Bag and all weighed two pounds too much. He took out those extra packages of razor blades, that extra-handly trousers hanger, his long and heavy fifteen-decade rosary that Redemptorists wear with their religious habits. Still too heavy. He was laughing and sweating over his predicament, but he was also getting desperate.

The others goaded him on with wise-cracking wisdom. Then he hit upon an idea and he smiled triumphantly like young Tom Edison with his incandescent light.

"This bag's too heavy," he announced, and poured the contents out

on the table. "All I need is a razor blade and scissors."

"What you need is dehydrated shaving materials and microfilmed clothing," suggested Father Van Hoomissen.

"A bottle of scuttlebutt," said the sailor, "would settle your problems. It is lighter than air. Your bag would float to the ceiling of the plane."

"The Brain is upstairs packing his bag," said Father Muckermann, "why don't you watch him first?"

"See this cardboard in here?" said Father Abadie. "That's not necessary. I'll cut it out. H-m-m. Yep, this piece is useless too."

So it went. The lining, reinforcements, extra supporting cardboard. He was happy now; he thought he had the solution. He was funny, too, each time he dived into the bag and hacked at its innards. Soon the table was strewn with the jetsam of crudely cut cardboard. Finally he closed the empty bag and set it on the table. It looked tired and limp as a wet towel, and about as beautiful. They all laughed. Father Abadie began putting the "bare essentials" back into the bag.

Then Father Stratman came downstairs with his bag. "In here I've only the barest minimum," he announced slowly and quite confidently. "According to my calculations it should weigh only slightly over five pounds."

Well, he was not far wrong. It only weighed seven pounds and five ounces. Father Abadie's, too, was still overweight. Someone suggested that he cut holes the size of a quarter all over the bag so he would not have to weigh the air it contained.

THAT is how missionaries spend their last nights in the U. S. A. — these days of air travel. For months ahead of time they go through the tedium and pain of unwinding miles of legal red tape. They sign affidavits, they

sign applications, they wait in the outside offices of consuls, they put in time arranging for passports and visas. They make frequent trips to the doctor for vaccinations and immunizations against tetanus, yellow fever, smallpox, typhoid, diphtheria, and numerous other diseases and fevers. They wear their patience thin arranging for passage on crowded planes.

Up until now most of the fiddle-deedum and folderol of physical examinations, passports, visas, and what-not had been handled by the very capable Father Stratman. At each office the four young priests would sit together. Three of them frankly admitted they put their complete trust in Father Stratman. He was their mouthpiece. It was not for nothing that they lovingly called him "The Brain." But there are some things which nobody can do for another. One of them is packing a five-pound overnight bag for a six-year trip to Brazil.

Fathers Van Hoomissen and Muckermann now saw that the job was a major operation. They decided to start for their hotel to get busy sorting essentials from nonessentials.

"I wish you luck," said Father Abadie from the inside of his valise, "but I hope you have as much trouble as I have."

Ed the sailor came up to their hotel room with Fathers Van Hoomissen and Muckermann. He helped them make three piles on the floor: stuff that must go to Brazil, stuff that must be sent home, stuff that must be discarded. They clipped cardboard and hacked out the overnight bags just as Father Abadie had done. They also became desperate. They ended up with the decision to carry their long, heavy rosaries and shaving materials in their coat pockets!

Then it was time for the sailor to leave. He began mumbling out his good-byes and thanks for a most pleasant evening. All of them walked to the ele-

vator. The priests were completely serious now. They asked prayers for their work. Ed said he would remember them. He asked them to write. The elevator came all too soon. The doors rattled open. Soon only the two priests were in the corridor. They watched their friend as he and the elevator dropped down the shaft. Silently they turned and walked slowly back to their room. This was the end of their last night in the U. S. A. In their hearts an elevator bumped at the bottom of its shaft.

THE next day was a beautiful one for leaving the States. The sun came out especially to wish the four Padres good-bye. They were at the Pan-American Airways office long before plane time. It was hard to talk. They felt a happiness and contentment, now that the long-dreamed-of moment had arrived. But there was a wistful sadness, too. They had tried to joke with a few friends who had come to see them off. It did not work at all, so they just watched and waited.

A newspaper photographer snapped their picture. In a moment or two they were walking to Pan-American's Dinner Key pier with the other passengers. They crossed the rolling runway to the Clipper and climbed down into the spacious cabin of the Sikorsky S-42 flying boat.

The crew was courteous and polite.

Industriously and cheerfully the steward assigned the passengers to their seats, making sure to distribute the weight evenly. Safety belts were fastened and the escape hatch was closed. Four powerful motors vibrated and roared in unison, impatient to be off.

The passengers were silent as the plane began moving forward. Like everybody else, the Padres were a bit anxious over the first take-off of their lives. Take-off moments are tense even for accustomed fliers. Faster and faster the huge motors pulled the flying boat through the water; higher flew the spray. In angry snarls the motors brought the ship up on the step. The hull slapped the waves in surf-board fashion. At last it was free of the water. The boat was flying. Steadily and smoothly it rose into the air.

Safety belts were loosened. Stomach butterflies settled.

They were off, flying the Lindbergh Trail down the Caribbean airway to another world. There was a last look at the States. The city of Miami looked clean and shining. Soon there was only blue sea below, shadowed by the clouds and spotted by coral growth.

The Padres kept their noses close to the window. They said nothing. It is hard to talk with a lump in your throat, especially lumps the size of an orange. This was good-bye, U. S. A.

Who are the Savages?

A recent issue of the *American Legion Magazine* quotes the following poster, hung up in the mess hall of the United States soldiers quartered in Guadalcanal, and signed by a chief of the Polynesian tribe that inhabits the island:

"American soldiers are requested please to be a little more careful in their choice of language, especially when natives are assisting them in unloading ships, trucks, and in erecting abodes. American missionaries spent many years among us and taught us the words we shouldn't use. Every day, however, American soldiers use these words, and the good work your missionaries did in our midst is being undermined by your careless profanity."

On Self-Centered Conversation

L. M. MERRILL

Have you ever been in a group of three or more persons when two of the group launched out into a personal conversation whose subject matter and interest completely excluded the other member or members of the group from taking part? If you have, you were a firsthand witness of rather shabby characters at work. The surprising thing about this particular mark of a selfish character is that it is found especially among the learned, the supposed-to-be refined, the higher strata of culture among human beings.

Children are taught not "to talk secretly to one another in company." Adults are sometimes guilty, not of talking secretly, but of openly talking secrets that "freeze out" those into whose company they have been thrown. Five men are seated at one of the tables in a banquet hall; two of them ignore the rest and talk shop, or regale one another with anecdotes of their schooldays that not only are of no interest to the others, but drown out anything they might want to say. Five women form a group at a social gathering, and three of them have to sit silently by while the other two babble about names and places and happenings of interest only to themselves. This ability to ignore certain of one's companions is an authentic mark of smallness of soul.

It springs essentially from selfishness, from which most mean traits of character take their origin. It may be an overweening sense of self-importance, which unconsciously says: "My affairs and my interests are far more important than any subject that might be common interest to all." It may be a habit of self-coddling, which says in effect: "I can't be bothered with people I don't know very well or don't care much about. I'll ignore them." It may be a desire for self-exaltation, as if to say: "I'll show those around me how much I know that they don't know; how many people I've met whom they haven't met; how broad is my experience, how vast my knowledge, etc. etc."

All that such persons reveal about themselves is how small they are. Charity demands, and the rules of politeness (which are charity in action) prescribe, that one's personal interests be subordinated to the interests of a group when people are thrown together. This holds for all—the famous no less than the obscure.

SHOLEM ASCH AND ST. PAUL

For those Catholic reviewers who have given high praise to Asch's life of St. Paul, and for those readers who have been taken in by the reviewers, this uncompromising analysis is intended.

EDWARD A. MANGAN

IN THE *Catholic Record* of London, Ontario, Canada, of April 8, 1944, there appeared a fantastically laudatory review of the book *The Apostle* by Sholem Asch. The review was not written by the editor but it would seem the paper was in hearty agreement with the favorable comments which the paper carried, two full columns under the heading "The Undertow," by the Fisherman.

The person who wrote this review of an utterly odious book, odious at least to any true Christian, must know little or nothing about the Scriptures, where the true picture of the great St. Paul is given, or must have read the book while under the influence of intellectual paresis, or must have been hoodwinked entirely by favorable reviews by persons who know absolutely nothing about Christianity and who are bent on propagandizing anything that is anti-Christian.

This reviewer, whoever he is, admits he knows nothing about Sholem Asch, and yet in the same breath he calls him a "great scholar." Definitely he is not a scholar. If he were he would have been at pains to read the "Acts of the Apostles" and to tell the events as given there. Instead of this he flagrantly distorts the story of St. Paul. He is evidently not a scholar but a very poor interpreter of Pauline literature, of which he knows very little.

As to concluding from his book that Sholem Asch is a "believer in the Christian Messiah" — I quote the reviewer's own words — one need read but very few passages of the book to discover that Sholem Asch thinks as most Jews

of today think, that Christ was a dreamy fool who thought the end of the world was to come in His own day and who was His Blessed Mother's problem Child, and who had been deluded by the enthusiasm of His followers into believing He was the promised Messiah. There is only one "Christian Messiah" and the belief in this Messiah includes the belief in Jesus Christ as the true and only God. Sholem Asch gives no indication that he believes Christ was God. His *Nazarene* was written to disprove it.

According to the review in the *Catholic Record*, the book is "great in the author's supreme ability to recreate and depict character." If the reviewer is willing to agree with Sholem Asch that St. Paul was an epileptic, that he deliberately gave in to moods of terrible depression, that he deliberately and habitually drove himself into fits of maniacal fury, that he was perpetually succumbing to temptations against purity and then spending days in morose remorse, then he may believe that Sholem Asch recreates St. Paul's character. The truth is, his characterization of the magnificent Apostle is claptrap pure and simple, a deliberate falsification and misinterpretation of the Acts of the Apostles and of St. Paul's letters.

ACCORDING to our reviewer again, the descriptions of our Lady and of Mary Magdalene are very "moving." I agree with the word "moving," but it must be taken in an altogether different sense than that in which the reviewer intends it. These descriptions are

moving in as far as they move a true Christian to downright nausea. If they were not so ludicrous they would be blasphemous, but of course Sholem Asch in his ignorance did not know he was insulting the Mother of God. However, he could have been more at pains to avoid writing burlesques of the most sacred Christian beliefs.

How a Catholic could have written the following drivel is an amazing mystery. I quote the exact words of the reviewer as given in the paper lest I make a false accusation. Here is what the review says: "Mr. Sholem Asch brings out with perfect lucidity the role of the primacy of St. Peter (Simon bar-Jona) amongst the disciples." A remark like this gives clear evidence of abysmal ignorance of the meaning of primacy and of the total lack of understanding with which the reviewer must have read *The Apostle*. The central theme of the book is that St. Paul is the *founder*, not merely the preacher, of what we call Christianity. He fundamentally changed the teachings of Christ and in particular

became the originator of the doctrine that Christ is God. St. Peter was so surprised at this doctrine, says Mr. Asch, that for a long time he would not speak to St. Paul.

But why go on? If a Catholic wishes to take for his guide such organs as the *Chicago Tribune* or *Time* magazine or such infallible people as Clifton Fadiman, then by all means he must read *The Apostle*.

If a word from me may be excused, I say, by all that is sacred, avoid the book. It is modernistic poison. It is full of antiquated anti-Christian theories disproved hundreds of times. It is riddled with historical lies, malignant aspersions on one of the grandest characters the world has known. Some of our well-known Catholic magazines have not been sufficiently condemnatory in their reviews of this sordid book. Let them take notice.

Personally I think the book is a condemned book and several eminent canonists and theologians whom I have consulted heartily agree with me.

The Oblique Approach

For months he had been her most devoted admirer. For weeks he had been considering how he might propose to her. At long last he had mustered up enough courage, and, after choosing the occasion carefully, he launched into his proposal:

"There are quite a lot of advantages in being a bachelor," he began, "but there comes a time in the life of man when he longs for the companionship of another being—a being who will regard him as perfect, as an idol; whom he can treat as his absolute property; who will be kind and patient and faithful when times are hard; who will share his joys and sorrows. . . ."

To his great delight he detected a sympathetic gleam of understanding in her eyes. Then she nodded in agreement.

"So you're thinking of buying a dog?" she said. "I think it is a fine idea. Let me help you choose one!"

THE FARMER HAS THE ANSWER

The second of three articles on the superiority of the farmer's lot to that of the city-born and -bred. The third article will deal with the drawbacks of farm life, and what should be done to remove them.

P. G. ROETS

IF THE Nazi party in Germany, in six years' time, had spanned rapid currents and sluggish streams with 44,000 bridges, if they had traced 110,000 miles of smooth, up to date highway through trackless woods, over cloud tipped mountains, across scorching deserts, if they had garbed villages, towns, and lonely country sides with 2 billion trees, if they had built over five million dams to check the erosion of their soil, people would at least pause to say: "Dictatorships surely get things done. That's more than we can say for democracies."

Yet these astounding figures are not the summary of Germany's achievements under the sword of Der Fuehrer. This is the record of the United States, the greatest country on earth. The CCC boys, not at the point of a gun, but willingly did all this. They did it in the spirit of a group of boys on a camping trip. They did it without the incentive of force or threats.

How startling, then, is it to read that in 1943 there was a major crime in the same United States, every 23 seconds. More people were murdered in the past year than died in the battle of Tarawa. Every twelve minutes there was a robbery. Every two minutes there was a burglary. A new crime of larceny was chalked up for every half minute of 1943. Lastly, an automobile was stolen from someone every three minutes.

It is hard to believe that such praiseworthy achievements, on the one hand, can be counterbalanced in the same

nation by facts so significant of moral depravity. But they are true and the root of all this discrepancy lies in the *laissez faire* attitude of modern society. The youth of the rural communities are being coaxed away from the farms to drift into the whirlpools of city life. America is forgetting that freedom rightly used is the only safe basis for democracy. Americans are forgetting that farm life insures this freedom.

The restrictions of city life turn liberty into license. People talk of freedom as if it meant that a man may do just as he likes. But that man is free who is able to rule himself. He is a free man who fears to do wrong and fears nothing else. A man is not free because he does what he likes but because he does what he ought. Freedom is not a cry of "my rights and your duties." It is far nobler. Freedom emblazons in golden letters the slogan, "my duties and my rights." This is the freedom that is the threshold of prosperity and peace.

This true idea of freedom is the natural inheritance of the farm. Farming as a way of life, as a basis of family life, is the surest foundation of freedom. The goal of his labors is ever before the farmer. He is working for the welfare of his home. That hearth is the symbol of all that he holds dear and whenever he lifts his eyes from his work the sight of it inspires new energy. His barns and granaries may be nice. His stock may take the county prize. But the true farmer is working for his home. He is at home and at work all day long, for the two are identical.

ON THE other hand, the man in the factory, the clerk in the office, the floorwalker in the ten-cent store, all have that omnipresent boss to look up to. They must "go to work" every day. It is true they may leave home in the morning with their whole being intent upon the home. But they do *leave* home. All day long they are working for another and this constant doing another's will stunts personal initiative. The whirring of machines, the hollow empty sounds of the large factory, the noise of numerous typewriters, the feeling of being just one more cog in a machine, do not urge one to do his uttermost. Their work becomes a matter of wages and hours. And the love of work generally retreats before the lure of the almighty dollar.

Again, it is no uncommon sight to see the farmer followed through in every step by a miniature reproduction of himself. His growing son tilts his cap at just the same angle. He even makes a conscious effort to take the same stride as his father. As the father goes about the chores morning and evening, this lad is on the alert to do whatever he can. When the father climbs to the loft to throw down hay for the stock, his son is right behind him with a fork far too big for him. When the horses are led to the stock tank one of the ropes must be in his hand. To this little man there is nothing nearly so important as being in the footsteps of his father. What a wonderful opportunity for the father to begin his education at once! Already there is a motive of love and respect. By nature the little fellow looks up to his father as an invincible hero.

What has the man in the city to offer his children in this way? He must do all his work away from home. His son cannot follow him to work because children are only a nuisance in a factory or office or plant. Deep down inside

that assembly lineman there is a feeling that it is no accomplishment to twist a bolt one and a half turns. Punching typewriter keys does not exhilarate one with the feeling of success. There is no spark of joy to enkindle a sense of achievement in painting a certain line on each car body. These workers are tired of the monotony of the whole routine and their one ambition seems to be to earn enough money that their sons at least will not have to go through such lifeless toil. This is one of the greatest differences between the man on the farm and the man in the factory or office. The farmer loves his work; he sees that it is a necessary and useful vocation. He wants to teach it to his son. The farmer is interested in his son and he is interested in his work and he wants the two to go together. On the other hand the more interest the factory hand or the office clerk has in his son the less does he want the oblivion of this work to smother his son's initiative.

OFTENTIMES the man in the city smiles with satisfaction as he thinks of the poor slave on the farm getting up at 4:30 or 5:00 in the morning while he can doze on peacefully in his warm bed until 7 o'clock. It seldom occurs to him that the farmer has a real reason for getting up. His life is not a matter of punching a time clock and putting in hours. What variety, interests, compensations without number! The body grows strong and healthy; the mind is active and creative; the appetite never fails and the instinct for recreation and play can be satisfied with the simplest and humblest things.

The farmer's main concern is *life*, and whatever else may be said of life, it cannot be called uninteresting. The farmer plants the seed; he watches for the first tender shoots to peep out of

their warm bed. Then, with the unerring instinct of a good artist he fashions his farm into a picture of himself. The well kept garden portrays the energy that is surging within. Straight rows of well-cultivated corn speak in infallible accents of the man who takes pride in his work. At harvest time there are bins of golden grain. His silo is well stocked with ensilage to carry him through to spring. The cellar holds an assortment of good, wholesome food, wider and fuller than any grocery store. The farmer has plowed and harrowed; he has cut hay, raked and stacked or baled it. He has planted and harvested beets, radishes, turnips, onions, asparagus, potatoes, cabbage, lettuce, and other crops no end. He raises beef cattle or has a herd of milk cows. His chickens are the pride of the neighborhood.

Does the assembly lineman dare to call this monotony? What has the office worker to offer at the end of a year? He spends eight hours a day screwing a useless button on the frame of a new car. He copies down the thoughts of another. These are slaves to one job. Hundreds of them are employed in making trinkets that they know are useless. Can such men point with pride to their factory and swear they would rather work there than anywhere else? The farmer's work is an exercise of his God given freedom and personal initiative. Workers in factories, offices, and plants are the victims of economic efficiency and stupefying monotony.

Work, however, is not the only field in which the farm life far outstrips city life. On the farm the family has a chance. Here it is a question of one for all and all for one. Each member is another partner in the corporation whose charter is love. The father is the protector and manager; the mother and children are his advisory council and helpmates. Father takes care of the

barns and fields, mother's place is in the home as its queen. She it is who, with the help of her daughters, preserves all the fruit and vegetables that are to feed the family through the winter. Mother plans for the home inside; father plans for the home outside. Mother and father put their plans together so that inside and outside there is harmony.

Does the family in the city measure up to this? Divorce records, cases of juvenile delinquency, crime, prove just the opposite, to say nothing of the present suicidal birth rate of the cities. But too often the cause is overlooked. There is too much restriction in the city for peaceful family life. The father works in a factory or an office all day. There he is constantly doing the work of another. The urge that is in him to put himself into his labor is thwarted. Consequently when he comes home his nerves are easily set on edge. Such conditions do not breed peace but strife, and make for too easily broken homes.

But it is the family life around which the farmer's whole social life revolves. The farmer is not just another peg in an unknown wall. He is Ed McClory and his wife is known as Mary. There is a personal element in rural social life that is usually lacking in the cities. The reason is plain to be seen. The parents of the rural family have a true idea of putting first things first. Both mother and father realize that it is far nobler to introduce their own children to the whole world than to corner themselves in a classroom and teach a hundred strangers their ABC's. Mother and father are fully convinced that they have something worth while to leave their children and the whole objective of their lives is to see that their children get it. It can be said that the farmer's whole social life centers around his babies. To him the baby is a trust from God and the parents' duty is to

live up to this Divine mission. Each child is important because he comes from God and is a new manifestation of the wisdom and goodness of God. No wonder then that rural social life is true social life.

HOW shabby in comparison is social life in town. In the cities except for the mayor and a few of his men most people are just one more blade of grass in a thousand acre lawn. Even though each individual is a miracle of God's creative power, no one stops to notice his fellow man. Everything is hurry scurry. Cities are full of bargain counters with no bargains. Everyone is running with all his might but no one knows whither he is running or why. How many families are interested in their next door neighbor? It is possible to live in an apartment building housing a hundred families, and not know two of them. It is possible in the city, to lead a double and a triple life, with no one the wiser; to be an adulterer and a rake while giving the appearance of being a solid family man. It is easy for young people in the city to find a thousand opportunities for the indulgence of lust, while their own parents will swear that they are decent and pure. The city with its teeming thousands gives anonymity and cover to all whose actions would be condemned if they were known. There are good people in the cities — thousands of them — but there are thousands of others who find it too easy and convenient to be bad.

For this reason it comes as no surprise that farm life upholds religion whereas the cities destroy it. Facts alone reveal that, in 1943, *one-half* of all the members of Protestant churches were from rural areas. *Three-fourths* of all their officers come from the farms. These figures are all the more surprising when it is remembered that only

fifteen per cent of the people of the United States are farmers and yet over fifty per cent of the church members are from the farms and over seventy per cent of the officers. The farmer thinks of God because he realizes that he is dependent on Him. It is true that there are unbelievers on farms, because in the most favorable surroundings man remains free to believe or disbelieve. But it cannot be gainsaid that it is far easier to recognize God and obey Him on the land than it is in the dulling mechanism and monotony of city life.

City life breeds indifference to religion. Why is it that so many people in cities refuse to bend a knee before God? Because they have forgotten that there is a God in the midst of the man-made, man-ruled world about them. The farmer plants seeds but he is fully aware that if the rains and warm sunshine do not come that seed will sprout only to die or will die unsprouted. He realizes that there is a force outside himself that has all things in its power. The city worker on the other hand, is dependent entirely on men — for his job, for his salary, for his time off, for his very home. These men on whom he depends are often without an iota of religion. They pass glib judgments on heaven, hell, sin, immortality, the soul, as if making a fortune had made them all wise. They hold the allegiance of their men by raving about success, and for them success means money. "Work hard," they say to other men, "and perhaps you'll make a fortune like mine." But the joke is on the workers, because often their employers are determined to do everything in their power to prevent anyone from making a fortune like theirs. But the workingman looks up to them and dreams his futile dream that one day he will be a man of wealth. Gradually he loses all sense of values and goals in life except that concerned with making money. And when he be-

gins to realize that the goal may not be attained, he is an easy victim for Communists and atheistic racketeers who tell him that the one way to get rich himself is to destroy those who got rich before him.

When God drops out of his life can man retain a high standard of morality? As soon as the idea of Divine Goodness is forced from men's minds feeling and passion run riot in society. And the rule of the passions is always a tyrannical despotism. Adultery and promiscuity become commonplace. Books and magazines, with lurid and lustful pictures and descriptions, with flaming tales of lust and sensuality, keep the passions ever stirring. St. Paul described the thing that happens to thousands of people in the cities: "When they knew God, they glorified Him not as God; wherefore God gave them up to a corrupt sense, so that they abused their own bodies among themselves."

FARM life excels of its very nature over the city in work, in its social and religious atmosphere. And the farmer has all the best of it in amusement. The farmer's whole life is a joy because he loves. His vocation sets him a definite goal and even his work is a source of recreation because he realizes that he is going to reach that goal. The farmer knows how to amuse himself. Recreation for him is like the frosting on a cake. The cake is good without it, but a little icing adds a new flavor. That's why the farm youth can enjoy his 4H clubs. That's why he is happy to exhibit his prize calf or prize produce at the County Fair. It's an accomplishment brought about by thought, hard work, and energy. That is why athletics are still a source of amusement to the farmer. His ball club is not a business. It is a form of recreation. The farmer has time enough to see the funny things

of life. That's why it is not rude for him to throw back his head and laugh. He is amused at the daily incongruities of life and his laughter is a natural upsurge from this happiness.

But the man in the city has made his recreation a mere matter of routine and hence has lost his spontaneous love for it. The city dweller is little amused by simple things; his amusements have to be sophisticated, expensive, and exotic. There is always that attitude of "amuse me" in the man in the city. Somebody else acts in the movie. An unknown musician plays over the radio. His parties are planned by someone and held in someone else's club room. They have done away with the family or community songfest so prevalent in rural life. Now, instead of everyone singing because he is happy, one person is asked to sing alone because he is good. Recreation in the city is a business and business always leaves a bad taste of something one must do even though he hates to. Even the child is being spoiled from the very cradle. Instead of being given a set of blocks or a box of tinker toys and left to make something to amuse himself, he is given a factory made train or car.

In short, farm life surpasses that of the city because it teaches a man to covet his own goods rather than those of his neighbor, not after the manner of a greedy miser, but like a mother cherishing her children. That's why the farmer respects officials. That's why he obeys authority. That's why he is loyal to his country. That's why the farmer can bring back true order to society. He puts first things first and uses the institutions established by God to attain his final end. The farmer loves his family and all things that make for its true prosperity. He loves his vocation. In short, he loves and serves his country.

SOLDIER WITH A PURPOSE

The story of one of the noblest of all the soldiers who died in World War I. He has many things to teach the soldier of World War II.

G. J. CORBETT

CAPT. Maurice Retour of the 205th French Infantry was not a soldier by trade. When France rose in July, 1914, to repel the threat of invasion from its rapacious neighbor to the East, Maurice remembered the commission in the reserve corps that he had won at Havre, and enlisted in the fight. He did not *want* to go to war. The stench of burning gun-powder and rotting corpses, the sight of barking guns and maimed bodies held no allure for him. But his native land was in danger, and its defense was a duty no loyal Frenchman could shirk.

In answering the call to arms, Maurice left much behind him. It all but tore his heart out to forsake Yvonne, his young wife, and Michael, his eleven months' old son. Together they had laid the groundwork of a family life closely modeled on that of Nazareth. Together they had dreamt of a future full of service to God and souls. Together they had toiled to incorporate their high ideals into the lives of those around them: their neighbors, their friends, their employees in the textile mill at La Ferté-Macé in Normandy. Here, at the mill, they had striven to make their Catholic convictions living, vibrant realities: credit banks, workmen's unions, disability compensations, subsidies, recreational camps. This the young couple felt was their God-given vocation in life: to prove to France and to all the world that Catholicism reduced to practice not only by employees, but by employers as well, is the answer to the world's industrial woe.

To the town's people of La Ferté-

Macé, Maurice's native village, the young factory president was a living legend of uprightness. His personal deportment was beyond reproach. He it was who led the men at their monthly communion. He it was who inaugurated the fraternity of the "White Cross," to stamp out drunkenness, the curse of mill-workers. His family life, too, was exemplary. He and Yvonne Huet had agreed even in the earliest days of courtship on the basic principle that was to underlie their comradeship. They were to be consorts, wildly in love with one another; but always the first place in their love-life would belong to "le bon Dieu." On this thought too their children would be weaned and reared. God was to be as important a part of the Retour household as the hearthstone itself.

IT WAS not strange that this giant among his fellow-civilians should become in war a hero among heroes. By nature, he was a natural leader. His brown eyes sparkled with the joy of living; his handsome, boyish features were cast in the firm mold of iron determination; his body, short and squared, had the carriage of an athlete. By temperament, he was bold and enterprising, quick to grasp a situation, calm in pursuit of his objective. Fellow-officers were to speak of Retour's "commendable qualities of courage and leadership," of his "intelligent daring, coolness, and initiative," of his "captivating personality, his wonderful example, his legendary courage." These were qualities which Maurice had ac-

quired not by the beneficence of nature, but solely by his own undying effort and patient trust in "le bon Dieu," the lodestar of his life.

Maurice Retour's career in the French Army was short, but meteoric. In the space of fourteen months, he won two promotions on the field of battle, was cited twice for bravery in the official Army Journal, was awarded both the Legion of Honor and the "Croix de Guerre." Twice he led his company back to safety through the German lines after their advanced position had been cut off and surrounded. And shortly after declaring that "to be killed in war is a beautiful death," he fell in the attack on Tahure. His last words were still ringing in the ears of his men: "If I march to the attack at your head, follow me. If I fall, pass over me. But always, forward!"

Yet it was not this apparent grandeur that drew to Capt. Retour the affection of his men. Greater officers perhaps there were on many another front; men who in shorter time had accomplished far greater deeds of heroism: men who rose with greater speed to higher positions; men who far surpassed Maurice in military talent. Indeed Maurice himself would have been the first to admit it. One recalls with a smile how he took the news that he was being proposed for the "Legion of Honor" medal. He immediately approached his commanding officer with the words, "That's not for me. I don't deserve it. Give it to . . . It'll make him feel good. He's been looking forward to it so much."

Rather it was the tiny thing, the little incident of a soldier's life, that endeared Maurice to his men. They remembered how he had sat up all night with a soldier who had been court martialed and condemned to die at dawn, writing last letters for him, exhorting him to die as a good Christian. Again they recalled how in the retreat from Guise,

Maurice had exposed himself to death in aiding a soldier, weak from lack of food, shouldering his pack and half-carrying the man to safety. They remembered how he used to sing and laugh and joke in an effort to rouse the spirits of his men as they hit a new low before an impending offensive.

Often, too, there were instances of great heroism that perhaps never reached the ears of the higher-ups. One day, for example, there was a particularly dangerous mission to be accomplished. Maurice had not the heart to command a patrol to do the work. He issued a call for volunteers. None responded. Then he secured permission from a superior officer to perform the task himself, saying, "If I die, at least I will have saved the lives of four of my men." Alone he crawled out across No-Man's Land, shells raining about him, and performed the mission.

His deep spirituality had a tremendous effect on the enlisted men who served under him. They realized that in it lay the source of their Captain's strength. After each battle, the Captain would have a Mass said for those of his company who had been killed in the action, and he would himself communicate at this Mass. His men were free to attend if they wished, but Maurice left no doubt in their minds as to where their duty lay. A pastor of a little town near Amiens wrote: "I shall never forget the Sunday when his soldiers filled my church, crowded even to the doors and overflowing outside. He was there, pious and recollected, praying for France and for his loved ones, giving all an example of a true Catholic and a courageous man."

THUS far we have seen Maurice through the eyes of others, soldiers who lived and died with him, men who said of him after he was gone: "I cannot tell you the feeling of confi-

dence and security I experienced when I knew that he was beside me. I always regarded him as a model; now I consider him a saint!"

What were Maurice's own feelings toward this dreadful spectacle of war? Fortunately there are preserved for our perusal the letters which he wrote to Yvonne during their few precious years together. His letters during courtship and the early years of marriage are among the tenderest documents of modern literature. His letters from the front-line trenches are an inspiration: "If I die, I shall have no regrets. I leave our Michael an example without stain."

He wrote on January 21, 1915, and outlined for Yvonne his view of death: "To be killed in battle is a beautiful death. A man can prepare himself, and that is a great grace. What's the difference whether he dies at twenty, forty, or eighty? Years pass quickly when a person has the Faith as we do. Happiness should not be looked for here below.

"Whatever happens, let us accept the will of the good God. If He calls me to Himself, continue your life on earth, happy in spite of our separation, so as not to spoil my happiness in heaven.

"After all, what we are calling miseries are really nothing at all, if from this war there results a new awakening of the True Faith in our land. What's the difference if a man dies at twenty or seventy, if the generation that comes after him recovers the energy and faith that his own generation has lost in luxury and high living?"

As the day of his death drew nearer, although in the best of health and spirits, he became certain that he would die soon upon the field of battle. On the morning of September 20, 1915, he said to his brother-in-law, Sgt. Emmanuel

Huet, who was shortly to be ordained to the sacred priesthood:

"Emmanuel, in this attack one of us is going to fall, and it will be I. *I have asked it of God.* It is better that I make the sacrifice generously. It doesn't seem possible that I could survive such a war anyway.

"I'm so afraid that later on my life might not come up to my ideal, or even to the life that I've led so far. I prefer to depart while I have a cause for which to sacrifice myself. It is the most beautiful of deaths.

"But I don't want to be selfish in my sacrifice. I'm afraid that if I should remain lying long on the battlefield, my faith may weaken in the face of pain . . ."

Then Emmanuel spoke, "Maurice, offer your sacrifice for the sanctification of priests."

Immediately Maurice clapped his hands joyously and cried out, "That's it, Emmanuel! Now I've got it! Now I'm ready!"

ON SEPTEMBER 27, 1915, he wrote his last words to his family, to his beloved Yvonne, his two-year-old son, Michael, and to Emmanuel, the unborn: "We are living in the joyous days of Victory. We have the rain on our heads, but the sun in our hearts!"

In the evening of the same day, Maurice fell under a barrage of shrapnel while leading his company up the slope of Tahure. When Emmanuel arrived at his side, Maurice Retour was dead. The sun that warmed his heart now blazed upon his whole being eternally.

He died as he had wished, a sacrifice upon the altar of God's justice for the welfare of his fellow men. The story of his heroic life and death will inspire the necessary casualties of the present conflict to follow in his footsteps and die as heroes and as saints!

Side Glances

by The Bystander

From somewhere in New Guinea come the following lines from one of THE LIQUORIAN's war correspondents, Chaplain Louis G. Miller:

There are muffled explosions taking place in the distance as I write this, but they are probably only the ack-ack boys trying out their sights. Outside of that, the night is a peaceful one. This New Guinea is a strange country, and one I wouldn't care to settle down in for life. It is beautiful, but, as some beautiful women are said to be, it is also treacherous. I wrote you about the flood we had; I am now able to make a report about an earthquake. The other night I had just retired at about eleven o'clock when suddenly I felt a strange sensation as if someone were under my bed pushing it up. I had visions of a wild boar or something, but upon looking cautiously underneath, saw nothing. Then the sensation came again, and I knew it must be a tremor. Then I had visions of the earth opening up and my tent collapsing on my head. But nothing further happened. The tremors were very slight, but they have been repeated several times. It's a strange sensation; one doesn't know whether to lie flat on the ground or climb a tree.

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The other day a very interesting thing happened. One of the natives wandered into my tent; he had a comb which he wanted to exchange for whatever I would give him. We haggled amicably over the matter, and he finally relinquished the comb in exchange for a needle and a little piece of thread. During the discussion he caught sight of a crucifix which I had standing on my desk. His reaction was really worth seeing. The natives around here haven't been Christianized as yet, and it was apparently the first time he had seen anything of that nature. He threw up his hands, backed up a few steps, and then burst into a torrent of speech. Since my knowledge of pidgin English is limited to eight or ten words, the gist of what he said was totally lost on me. Father Depkiewicz was here at the time, and between us we painfully launched forth on a catechism lesson. "Dis fella man"—pointing to the cross—"him number one boy." The native looked cautiously at the cross. "Him number one boy?" "Yes. Him live in sky. Him big boss." The native's eyes were big as saucers. "Him die finis. Him planted in ground. Dis fella man come up from ground, him go in sky. Him number one boss." The idea seemed to be sinking in slowly, so we repeated it several times with variations and appropriate gestures, and finally the native repeated to our satisfaction: "Him die finis. Him planted. Him come up from ground, go up sky. Dis fella man number one boss." I had a smaller crucifix handy, and I offered it to him. At first he was afraid to take it, but admired it from a distance with his hands behind his back. Finally he took it, and a smile of understanding crossed his features. "Me savvy," he said triumphantly. "Dis fella man"—pointing to the larger crucifix—"Number one boss. Dis fella man"—pointing to the smaller—"number two boy." We hastened to correct him, and after many mutual compliments and bows, he left, holding the crucifix carefully at arm's length. I have met some natives on the other hand who were educated at a Catholic mission some distance from here. They call me "Mr. Priest."

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THE LIGUORIAN

From New Guinea, the bystander takes you to the heart of Brazil, by way of a communication from another kind of warrior, one of the Redemptorist missionaries who landed there a few months ago. The following is from Fr. Bernard Van Hoomissen:

Last Sunday was my first trip to the outpost in the arm of the parish which extends toward French Guinea. (*Editor's note:* the "parish" covers some thousands of square miles.) Saturday I tried to find the place but due to transportation complications came home without reaching it. Sunday early, with a suitcase and the ever present umbrella I tried again. The inevitable delays occurred but the good people were patient and waited for the Padre whom they see only twice a month. The goal was a kind of trading post in the jungle. From there the owner led the way, his son Emanuel carried the suitcase, and I the umbrella in rifle style. Up a mud road we went, then up a steep and muddier path to a clearing where stood a small church ready for Mass and overflowing with people. No homes were in sight but the bell was ringing. The altar was a little more than knee high . . . the church as big as a class room. Acting under orders given because of the difficulties of mastering the Portuguese language, I had to refuse to hear confessions, though it broke my heart to tell the people to wait a month or so. No sermon yet, only the Gospel and prayers after Mass in Portuguese. After Mass they begged me to baptize a baby a year and a half old. . . . Luckily I had my sick-call kit in the suitcase. No one could read or write so the hardest part was fishing out the data. They slur over and vary the pronunciation of proper names. . . . Finally we got down to the baptizing of Maria Angelica de Mesquita . . . (No anointing or breathing on the baby—we even use alcohol in the purificator at the altar and use only one dipping of the finger for extreme unction.) The great point of interest for the spectators is the administering of the salt. Godchildren have to come to work for a padrinho as soon as they are of age and for his wages . . . very desirable to be a godparent here.



After passing a few words I knew it was down the trail again to a jungle palace made of palm branches. Here a cup of coffee was served (more or less coffee). Under the table were two pigs, three chickens, two dogs . . . no floor . . . no doors . . . in places no side walls . . . no chairs . . . and very small. A little girl had the fever . . . others did not worry about clothes. But you cannot judge by appearances . . . these people are as good as gold . . . polite, kind, etc., and they possess a culture many of the rich could well imitate. No one can equal them in patience and they have a loyal pride in their country. I'll be glad when I can speak more easily with them than I did the hour I spent in the jungle home. The trip home is a scenic wonder, right through real jungle. From the air, the steam and mist slowly rising makes the jungle seem terrifying, but right in it, it is cool due to the tall trees and swamp. So thick is the growth that you cannot see ten feet into it . . . and if there were no trails, every inch of the way would have to be cut out and there wouldn't be room enough to drag a canoe behind you. The ants in these parts build tree houses or hives on the larger tree trunks, some of them more than five feet in diameter. . . . Occasionally there is a clearing for a home made of mud, sticks, palm branches, boards and stones. The hammock arrangement enables quite a crowd to get into a small place. I saw alligator skins out drying . . . a little monkey scooted by . . . and it rained of course. . . .

Catholic Anecdotes ~ ~ ~ ~

THE MAKING OF CHRISTIANS

A CERTAIN Victorinus, who belonged to the Roman senate in the days of the persecutions and was renowned as an orator, happened to read the Bible, and was impressed with the doctrines and teachings of Christ. One day he met a saintly priest and said to him:

"Do you know, I believe in your teachings and I am a Christian at heart, but I dare not profess my belief openly. I am afraid of the harm I would suffer from my friends."

"I will never believe," said the priest, "that you are a Christian, until you make open profession of your faith."

Victorinus smiled and said: "Do the walls and roof of a church constitute a Christian?"

Later on, however, while reading the Gospel of St. Luke, he came upon the words of Christ: "He that shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him the Son of Man shall be ashamed." The words struck him so forcibly that he immediately sought out the priest and said:

"Let us go to the church; I will be a Christian, no matter what it costs me." And he gave testimony to his faith before a throng of people.

A DREAM WORTH HEEDING

THERE once lived a Scotchman who one night had a very vivid dream, but one which he could not understand. In the morning he related the dream to his wife and six year old son.

"There were four rats," he said, "and they all came toward me. The first one was big and fat; two others were thin and hungry-looking; and the fourth one was blind. I am worried about the dream, because rats usually foretell trouble."

The wife pondered the dream but could give no explanation. However, the six-year-old boy, like another Joseph of Egypt, solved its meaning.

"The big fat rat," he said, "represents the fat inn-keeper where you spend all your money. The two thin, hungry-looking rats are mother and I. And you are the blind rat."

DEFILEMENT

WHEN Louis XVI became king of France, he found the nobility and courtiers very careless about the law of fast and abstinence. Thus on the occasion of a banquet in the royal palace, meat was served.

The king, quite angry, refused to eat and said:

"This is against the law of the Church."

One of his courtiers spoke up and said:

"Sire, what enters the body cannot defile the soul."

"My friend," the king responded, "the eating of the meat does not defile the soul, but defying authority and breaking a positive law of the Church does defile the soul." He rose and left the banquet.

REMEDIES FOR ANGER

SOCRATES, who was considered one of the wisest of men, once greeted an acquaintance without receiving a reply. His friends, angered by this affront to one whom they loved, tried to incite Socrates to resentment. But Socrates replied: "Why should I get angry? Is it reasonable to lose my temper when another is not as courteous as I am?"

On another occasion Socrates was maligned by a man who disliked him. His friends urged him to do something to stop the calumny or to take revenge on the evil-doer. But he answered: "If the evil he speaks of me is true, then it will serve to help me correct my faults; if it is not true, then he is not talking about me."

RICH WITH CHRIST

IN A certain city, the congregation felt the need of a larger church. All the parishioners were asked to donate according to their means. One day a woman, poorly clad, showing every evidence of extreme poverty, appeared at the rectory and offered the pastor a dollar as her donation. The priest knew her dire need and said:

"Thank you for your good intention, but keep the dollar. In fact, I would like to help you, you are so poor."

The woman's deep faith was evident in her reply: "I poor? My dear Father, I am rich. Am I not a Christian, a daughter of the greatest King, and an heir to His Kingdom?"

THE TRUTH ABOUT GOSSIP

ACERTAIN holy old man noticed that many of those under his charge had the bad habit of observing and talking about the faults of others. One day he appeared before them with a bag of sand over his shoulder and a bit of sand tied up in a handkerchief and held in his hand.

"Why," he was asked, "do you carry that sand about?"

He quietly answered: "The bit of sand represents the faults and failings of my neighbors, which disturb me so much that I must tell them to my friends. The large bag of sand represents my own many faults, which I carry on my back so as not to see them. Alas, this is wrong. I should look at my own faults and beg God to forgive me."

The bystanders saw his point and cried out: "Truly this is the way to eternal life."

Pointed Paragraphs

Fads of War Time

Take a warning against the religious fads and follies that always crop up during and after a major war. The mounting toll of casualties, the forced thoughts about death and survival, the loneliness of hearts that have not the comfort of true religion, always induce people to turn to occult theories and philosophies and so-called religions that pretend to conduct people across the bridge between the land of the living and the habitation of the dead.

Already there is a great demand for ouija boards, as a supposed means of communicating with the invisible world. Catholics must be warned to let them alone. The answers they give through the finger tips cannot possibly be wholesome and true; they can be the work of the evil one, and they can upset and even derange normal human minds.

The popularity of the ouija board will be followed by a new surge of interest in spiritism, the pseudo religion that promises to place its adherents into direct communication with their dead loved ones and friends. Many of the carryings on of spiritism have been proved to be downright fakery; in fact, the very origin of the movement was a publicly admitted hoax perpetrated by two clever girls. What cannot be explained by trickery in spiritism, cannot possibly be what it claims to be: the voices of loved ones "who have passed beyond the veil." It might well be an activity of evil spirits designed to keep the living from learning or loving the truth about life after death. It is certain that many minds have been unhinged as a result of dabbling in spiritism.

There will also be revivals, as the war continues and immediately after the war, of the various bizarre forms of theosophy. So-called Hindu Swamis and Yogis will appear on lecture platforms, spinning their fantastic yarns of reincarnation of souls and karma. Prominent but empty-headed Americans will join the swamis and give lectures of their own. Theosophy will be said to hold the answer to many of the mysteries the war left unsolved.

Catholics should be mentally alert and prepared for the momentary popularity of these and other postwar follies. Catholics have the truth about the soul and the lot of the dead and the realities of the other world. The only people who will be taken in are those who have nothing to lean on in confusion and distress. They will be the victims of the fakers.

Remedy for Hate

To answer the question of how men are ever going to live down the intense hatreds, resentments, prejudices and antipathies that naturally grow out of a bitter war that involves most of the nations of the world, is to be found in the development of the true missionary spirit in all Catholic hearts. This, even apart from war, should be intimately interwoven with all Catholic education. It is one of the marks of genuine Catholic belief. It is the only true barrier to hatred, racial prejudice, arrogant nationalism. Its need was never so clear as it is now.

One cannot be a Catholic without believing that all men have a right to the teachings of Jesus Christ, and all who have received those teachings have some obligation of handing them on to others. One cannot be a Catholic, worshiping the one true God through the sacrifice of His Son, fulfilling the command of loving his neighbor as himself, if he ignores his most needy neighbors, or excludes them entirely from his love, or considers them outside the reach of the saving Blood of Christ or the fatherly love of God. One cannot be a Catholic if one believes that the cruelties and barbarities of any nation make its people deserving of lasting hatred.

For the true Catholic, the end of the war must mean the immediate taking up of the task of working for the souls of all those human beings who a moment before were on the side of his enemies. They would never have become enemies if the task of spreading Christianity had been better done. They will never become enemies again, if they can be brought to redemption in the Blood of Christ.

We know that the task looks tremendous. We know that there will be frightening obstacles to be overcome. But the greatest obstacle of all has been the indifference, selfishness, prejudices, lack of zeal of Catholics in the past. If that obstacle is removed, the others will appear less formidable.

Parents who teach their children the first rudiments of their religion, teaching Sisters who build on the foundations that parents lay, priests who preach sermons, authors who write books, editors who publish magazines, should concentrate today, with every lesson they try to inculcate, on the importance of the missionary spirit for every Catholic. That is the antidote for hatred; that is the implementation of the love of neighbor; that is the best guarantee against future war.

The Right Answer?

A very popular and widely sold magazine recently had an anecdote purporting to solve the confusing question to the seeker after truth, of how there can be many religions all claiming to be the truth. A soldier said to his chaplain: "Look, Chaplain, there are so many religions. Each one is supposed to be right in the eyes of its followers. But I feel there must be something wrong with each of them. If not, then why shouldn't there be just

one universal religion instead of dozens?" The chaplain shot back with the answer: "Didn't you ever walk into a garden and see dozens of flowers?"

The soldier got an answer, but was it the right answer? Let's take a close look at it and see. What the answer given really means is that, because flowers are different from one another and all beautiful, so contradictory ideas about God and the soul and heaven and hell may be different but all still beautiful. One man says: "God says there is a hell." That belief is a rose, beautiful but thorny. Another man says: "God says there is no hell." That belief is a lily, very sweet, very beautiful, and without thorns. But what does it make out of God, Who is quoted as saying things that are violently contradictory?

No, Chaplain, your answer doesn't quite click. Contradictions, in matters of truth, are not like flowers. One of them has to be right and the other wrong. The wrong cannot be beautiful. A collection of genuine truths is like a garden of flowers, one differing in beauty from the others. But there cannot be any contradictions among them. What is right and true cannot be wrong and false at the same time.

The right answer to the soldier's question is that there is a universal religion, just as there is a universal body of mathematical truths. Some people, through no fault of their own, may not yet have learned it, just as there are people who still cannot add or subtract correctly. But there is only one truth, and it should be sought by all who are confused by contradictions.

The Four Reformers

Four reformers met under a bramble bush. They were all agreed the world must be changed. "We must abolish property," said one.

"We must abolish marriage," said the second.

"We must abolish God," said the third.

"I wish we could abolish work," said the fourth.

"Do not let us get beyond practical politics," said the first. "The first thing is to reduce men to a common level."

"The first thing," said the second, "is to give freedom to the sexes."

"The first thing," said the third, "is to find out how to do it."

"The first step," said the first, "is to abolish the Bible."

"The first thing," said the second, "is to abolish the laws."

"The first thing," said the third, "is to abolish mankind."

— Robert Louis Stevenson

Proof of Religion

From an advertisement for a new book, written by a young naval Ensign, on the subject of religion, entitled "Amen, Amen":

Let's show this young Ensign (he got his gold wings last week) that America is a BELIEVING NATION.

Buy *Amen, Amen*. Sell *Amen, Amen*. Give *Amen, Amen*.

Am-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-n, brother!

LIGUORIANA

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

RULES FOR A CHRISTIAN LIFE

II. Acts and Practices of Piety

6. Christian Acts, to Be Made in the Evening Before Going to Bed

Before going to rest, make your examination of conscience in the following manner. First, thank God for all the favors you have received during the day; then recall all the actions you have performed and the words you have spoken, making an act of contrition for the faults of the day. Then make these Christian acts:

Act of Faith

O my God, who art the infallible truth, I believe all that the Holy Church proposes for my belief, because Thou hast revealed it to her. I believe that Thou art my God, the Creator of all things; that Thou rewardest the just for all eternity in paradise, and punishest the wicked in hell. I believe that Thou art one in essence, and three in persons, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. I believe in the Incarnation, the Passion and Death of Jesus Christ. I believe, in fine, all that the Holy Church believes. I thank Thee for having made me a Christian; and I protest that I will live and die in this holy faith.

Act of Hope

O my God, trusting in Thy infinite promises, and because Thou art faithful, powerful and merciful, I hope, through the merits of Jesus Christ, for the pardon of my sins, final perseverance, and the glory of paradise.

Act of Love and Contrition

O my God, because Thou art infinite goodness, and worthy of infinite love, I love Thee above all things; and for the love of Thee I love my neighbor as myself. I repent with all my heart of

all my sins, because by them I have offended Thee, the infinite goodness. I resolve, by the help of Thy grace, which I beseech Thee to grant me now and always, rather to die than offend Thee again. I purpose, also, to receive the holy Sacraments during my life, and at the hour of my death.

III. Practice of the Christian Virtues

1. Humility

Without humility no one can please God, for He cannot bear the proud. God has promised to hear those who pray to Him; but if a proud man prays to Him, the Lord will refuse to hear him. To the humble, however, He dispenses His graces. *God resists the proud*, says St. James, *but gives grace to the humble*.

There are two kinds of humility: humility of *affection*, and humility of the *will*. Humility of *affection* consists in a conviction of our own wretchedness, that of ourselves we can neither think nor do anything but what is evil. Every good quality we possess, every good deed we perform, comes from God.

To practice this type of humility we must, first of all, place no confidence in our own strength or resolutions. On the contrary we must always be diffident and fearful of ourselves, for St. Paul advises us *to work out your salvation with fear and trembling*. St. Philip Neri said: "He who fears not is sure to fall." We must, moreover, never glory in things that belong to us, as for instance, our natural abilities, our good deeds, our position in life, our relatives, and the like. It would be better not to speak of our actions, except to point out where

we have failed. In fact, it would be better by far never to speak of ourselves at all, for good or bad, for even when we blame ourselves, it is often only an occasion for vain-glory, by making us think that we shall be praised, or at least considered humble. And in this way humility becomes pride.

Let us never be angry with ourselves because we have committed a fault. This would not be humility, but pride, and the devil makes use of it to deprive us of confidence and to discourage us from leading a good life. When we recognize that we have fallen, we should say with St. Catherine of Genoa: "Lord, these are the fruits of my own garden." Then let us humble ourselves, recognize the fault we have committed and resolve never again to fall into the same fault, trusting more than ever in the help of God. And no matter how frequently we fall we must always act in this manner.

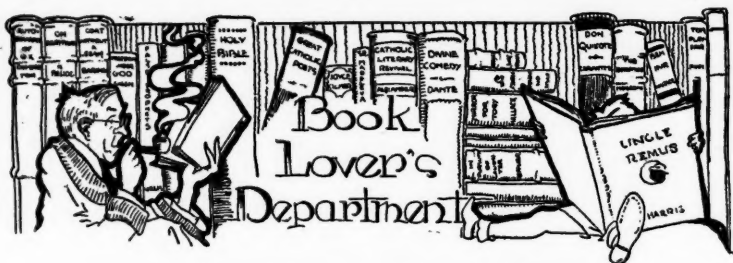
When we behold others fall into sin we should not wonder. Rather we should compassionate them. And let us thank God for keeping us from such sins, praying Him ever to keep His guarding hand over us. Otherwise the Lord will punish us by permitting us to fall into the same sins, and perhaps even worse. We must, finally, consider ourselves as the greatest sinners in the whole world, and this even when we know that others have sinned more than we. For our sins, committed after we had received so many favors and graces, will be more displeasing to God than the faults of others, though they may be more numerous. St. Teresa writes that we must not think that we have made any progress in the way of perfection if we do not consider ourselves worse than every one else, and desire to be considered the last of all.

Humility of the *will* consists in being pleased when we are despised by others.

Anyone who has deserved hell, deserves to be trodden under foot by the devils for all eternity. Jesus Christ desires that we should learn of him to be meek and humble of heart: *Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart*. Many are humble in word, it is true, but not in heart. They say: "I am worse than all: I deserve a thousand hells." But when anyone corrects them, or says a word that displeases them, they are highly offended. They are like porcupines, bristling as soon as they are touched. How is it, then, we might ask them, that you say you are worse than all, and yet you cannot bear a simple reproach? "He who is truly humble," says St. Bernard, "esteems himself good for nothing, and desires to be considered good for nothing by others as well."

If, then, you would be truly humble, when some one admonishes you, receive it with good grace, and thank the person who has administered the admonition. St. John Chrysostom says: "When the just man is corrected, he is sorry for the error he has committed; but the proud man is sorry that the error should be known." The saints, even when they are accused unjustly, do not defend themselves, except when it becomes necessary in order to avoid scandal. Under all other accusations they are silent and offer all to God.

If it should happen that you are insulted or offended, bear it patiently, and rather increase in love toward the person who has ill-treated you. This is the signpost whereby you may know whether a person is truly humble and holy. If he resents an injury, even though he may work miracles, you may say that his holiness is a sham. Father Balthazar Alvarez said that the time of humiliation is the time to gain treasures of merits. You will gain more by patiently suffering contempt and insult, than you could by fasting ten days.



CATHOLIC AUTHORS

13. ALFRED NOYES, 1880-

I. *Life*: Many of the scenes in the life of the English poet, Alfred Noyes, are laid in America. He was born in England on September 16, 1880. During his student days at Exeter College, Oxford, he distinguished himself as an omnivorous reader and a strong oarsman on the College Eight. In 1907 he married an American girl and in 1913 he began a lecture engagement in the United States. From 1914 until 1923 he held the chair of Associate Professor of English at Princeton. Though barred from active service in the World War by defective vision, his talents were utilized by the British Foreign Office. In recognition of his wartime contribution to England he was made a Commander in the Order of the British Empire in 1918. After the death of his first wife he married for the second time in 1927. In the same year he also entered the Catholic Church. Noyes often leaves his home in England to make lecture visits to America.

II. *The Author*: Noyes has done his best work in the field of narrative poetry. He has returned to the language and thoughts of the common man and made poetry the possession of all and not the plaything of a chosen few. In fact, some of his narratives were published serially in a magazine. The manuscript of the epic, *Drake*, was only half finished when the first installment was sent to the printers. *The Torchbearers* is a long narrative poem recording the discoveries of the men who have carried the torch of science. *Dick Turpin's Ride and Other Poems* contains some of his ballads and lyrics. His poems have been gathered together in four volumes of *Collected Poems*.

Alfred Noyes has also written several books on literary subjects. *The Opalescent Parrot* and *The Pageant of Letters* are collections of essays on literary figures and problems. *Orchard's Bay* is a series of musings and reflections suggested by the author's garden. Noyes was led to the Faith by a sense of the inadequacy of the gropings of the agnostic scientists of the nineties. *The Unknown God* unfolds in a very impersonal manner how he came to worship the Supreme Being that the scientists were seeking. *Voltaire* attempts to whitewash some dark spots in the character of the great French Deist.

III. *The Poem*: Some of Noyes' best work is found in *Tales of Mermaid Tavern*, a series of narrative pieces. The Tales call back to life the stirring days when the literary great of England gathered around "Rare Ben" and "Will" in the Mermaid Tavern. The pieces are written in blank verse with an occasional change of meter that makes them far from tedious reading. Noyes is revealed as the master of the English ballad in this collection. The Tales will lead the reader on to some of his more profound poems, such as the three-volume epic of Science, *The Torchbearers*.

Rating of Best Sellers

I. Books that may be recommended for family reading:

Avalanche — *Boyle*
How New will the Better World be — *Becker*
Unfinished Business — *Bousal*
Private Berger's War — *Breger*
Tomorrow is Forever — *Bristow*
Hour of Triumph — *Eliot*
The Ringed Horizon — *Gilligan*
The Grim Reapers — *Johnston*
Empire of the Air — *Josephson*
Lassie Come Home — *Knight*
Lake Huron — *Landon*
While Still We Live — *MacInnes*
The Queen was in the Kitchen — *McKiver*
The Captain Wears a Cross — *Maguire*
Golden Apples of the Sun — *Obermeyer*
The Misadventures of Sherlock Holmes — *Queen*
Here is Your War — *Pyle*
The Eagle and the Dove — *Sackville-West*
Long, Long Ago — *Woolcott*

II. Books that are not recommended to adolescents because of content or style, or because of some immoral incidents which do not invalidate the book as a whole:

Under a Lucky Star — *Andrews*
Victoria Grandolet — *Bellaman*
The Vatican and the War — *Cianfarra*
U.S.S.R. — *Duranty*
The Dyess Story — *Dyess*
Plowman's Folly — *Faulkner*
Science at War — *Gray*
D. Day — *Gunther*
Der Fuehrer — *Heiden*
The Church and the Liberal Society — *Hughes*
The Steep Ascent — *Lindberg*
Ten Escape from Tojo — *McCoy*
Flint — *Norris*
Gay Illiterate — *Parsons*
Endure no Longer — *Albrand*
Now I lay me down to Sleep — *Bemelmans*
What Became of Anna Bolton — *Bromfield*
Good Night, Sweet Prince — *Fowler*
Treason — *Gessner*
High Tide at Noon — *Ogilvie*
Fire Bell in the Night — *Robertson*
The Moon was Red — *Sage*
Tarawa — *Sherrod*

III. Books that are not recommended to any class of reader:

Canal Town — *Adams*
Hotel Berlin — *Baum*
Yankee from Olympus — *Bowen*
Under Cover — *Carlson*
The Lord is a Man of War — *Donath*
Heart of Jade — *Madariaga*
The Mocking Bird is Singing — *Mally*
A Tree Grows in Brooklyn — *Smith*
The Apostle — *Asch*
In Bed We Cry — *Chase*
Wait for Mrs. Willard — *Langley*
The Razor's Edge — *Maugham*
Contemporary Italy — *Sforza*

JUNE BOOK REVIEWS

Three biographies of great Catholic leaders have recently come into our hands. These lives offer additional examples showing how God sends men to meet the evils and problems of their times.

To many readers the name of Origen will not conjure up the image of a great leader of Catholic thought and action. They will be inclined to remember that doctrines bearing his name are sometimes found among the condemned doctrines in manuals of Dogmatic Theology; that his name is not found in the lists of the Saints of the Church.

Yet despite his mistakes, God used Origen to play a providential role in the Church. He was one of the first Christian thinkers to attempt to bring the Catholic Scriptures in contact with pagan philosophy. It is true that the union between the two was sometimes made at the expense of Catholic doctrine. Yet his bold speculations have left all ages indebted to him. St. Augustine and St. Thomas owe a great debt to this early genius. René Cadiou presents a complete history of his early years in *Origen, His Life at Alexandria* (Herder, 340 pp., \$3.25). The beginnings and development of his thought are adequately and clearly discussed in this work destined for scholars. René Cadiou has shown the character and thought of Origen in a way that makes his position in Catholic thought very clear.

St. Dominic In the thirteenth century men raised up by Divine providence to meet the problems of the age. The feudal system was crumbling to pieces and the towns were assuming the power formerly held by the lay and ecclesiastical lords. Benedictine monasticism had done its great cultural and religious work within the framework of the decaying feudal system. Europe owed its faith and education to these sons of St. Benedict. Men were also becoming alienated from the clergy and were seeking to satisfy their burning enthusiasm for religion in the false sects that had sprung up. The Church needed a new method of attack and defense to combat the new problems that were demanding a solution.

A column of comment on new books just appearing and old books that still live. THE LIGUORIAN offers its services to obtain books of any kind for any reader, whether they are mentioned here or not.

St. Dominic, the ardent young Spaniard, was one of the men whom God had destined to play a very important role in the new offensive. He gathered around himself a zealous band of poor and virtuous missionaries to spread the word of God. With this order of Friars Preachers "the monastery came up out of the valleys and down from the hills to the heart of the great cities; from the solitude of the country to the bustle of the public square." These men first of all preached the true doctrine to the Albigensian heretics of southern France. Through the help of the Mother of God these heretics were won back to the Church of her Divine Son. Apostolic preaching, that had been almost unknown in the twelfth century, was the distinctive mark of these new religious. They preached not only by the burning eloquence of their words but also by the brilliant example of their priestly lives. They founded schools of theology to form the minds and hearts of future preachers both among their own men as well as among members of the diocesan clergy and of other religious orders. A new form of religious life and fervor was sweeping through the ruins of feudal Europe. The hearts of men were once again inflamed with the fire of Divine love.

Pierre Mandonnet, O.P., the learned historian of medieval times, wrote a short literary life of St. Dominic. Now two of his scholarly confreres have re-edited the work and added notes and even short essays of their own to make *St. Dominic and His Work* (Herder, 490 pp., \$5.00) a very valuable book. Father Mandonnet knew, as few men of our times know, the spirit and thoughts and figures of the great thirteenth century. A lifetime of reading and research produced a complete storehouse of knowledge about his chosen field. This work hands down to readers a mature judgment on a heroic Saint of God and the Order he established. The first section of the book is concerned with the character and work of St. Dominic. This is by far the best part of the volume. Against the background of his century and contemporaries the author draws a life-like portrait of the Saint. The influence of the Friars on education, theology, liturgy, preaching and the mission life of the people is clearly presented. The sec-

ond section deals with a question that will be of limited interest. In this part the question of the Augustinian rule and St. Dominic's adaptation of it is discussed for 130 pages. This will not be of interest to the general reader but will be of value to scholars. Some valuable appendices conclude the work. Of interest is the treatment of the origin of the term, "dogs of the Lord." Dominicans means sons of St. Dominic and not dogs of the Lord.

Among the notes of Father Mandonnet was found this sentence: "To read joy; to think delight; to write torture." Surely this scholarly and readable book will bring joy and delight to its readers even though it meant torture to its author.

Laynez Father Joseph H. Fichter has added another biography to his list of books. The world of *James Laynez, Jesuit* (Herder, 300 pp., \$3.00) was the troubled age of the Protestant Reformation. Europe was divided into two hostile camps. Small catechisms, mutilated translations of the Scriptures, impassioned tirades against the Church from Protestant pulpits helped to spread the errors among the people. The Church had to meet this new attack. It was a time for action.

Two of the means used by almighty God were the convocation of the Council of Trent and the founding of the Society of Jesus. Father Laynez figured prominently in both these weapons against the Reformation. During the eighteen long years that elapsed before the Council was concluded, Laynez acted as one of the Papal Theologians. He introduced the discussion on the all important question of Justification. He and his fellow Jesuits prepared an extensive list of the Protestant errors on the Sacraments. Laynez was noted for his long and clear speeches from the floor, sometimes extending them for three hours, even though the other theologians were limited to one hour. His sharp mind and eloquent tongue played an important role in the formulation of Catholic doctrine that was reaffirmed against the errors of the Protestants.

As a young man, this Spaniard of Jewish descent came to Paris where he fell under the spell of the soldier of Loyola. He was one of the first band that pronounced their vows at Montmartre on August 15, 1534. From Paris he went on the famous pilgrimage to Rome. He was ordained in Rome after a short stay there. Laynez was remarkable for his great zeal and learning. His life was not that of a scholarly recluse, but that of an extremely active man. He attempted to restore the Catholic faith and life with all the means at his command. This early Jesuit was an indefatigable preacher, and an energetic founder of schools. Even when engaged in the active discussions at the Council he still found time

to preach every Sunday and to beg funds for the poor. He was also elected by his confreres as the first successor of their Founder as General of the Order.

The author has given us a readable life of this extraordinary priest.

Incorporation of Catholic Church Property Within the past seven or eight years there have come forth from the School of Canon Law at Catholic University no less than six Canon Law studies on various aspects of administration of Church property. This alone, besides the fact that other books and studies have appeared on that subject within the same time, shows the great interest now taken in the problem. This probably is the reason why Father Patrick Dignan's historical study, *A History of the Legal Incorporation of the Catholic Church Property in the United States* (Kenedy, 289 pp., \$3.00) has been reissued. It was favorably received in 1935 and its value has not diminished. Evidence of this fact is shown in the use made of its valuable material in several of the Canon Law studies mentioned above. Father Dignan follows the fate of legal incorporation of church property during the trying first days of the new republic. The anti-Catholic bias of the times is shown clearly in the legislation of the period. There follows an analysis of church doctrine on incorporation and the opposition that doctrine or theory met in the theories of the time. The author then goes through the critical period (1802-1829): the period of trusteeism. There follows an account of the legislation of the Baltimore Plenary Councils and the opposition of the Nativism of the times. The book continues with an account of the post-civil war period and a statement of the present legal status.

The purpose of the book is to give a history of the tenure of Catholic Church property in the United States down to the time of writing (1935). The author has achieved that purpose in a clear and scholarly manner. The work is very well documented and reviews cases which effected changes in thought and practice in regard to incorporation of church property. A well-grounded knowledge of present-day incorporation of Catholic Church property is impossible without a historical background. This book serves very ably for such a background.

The book is scholarly and rather technical than popular in style. It should find its way into the libraries of priests and also lay persons who are interested in seeing that civil laws be brought more into conformity with the laws the Church has made to safeguard her God-given right to possess those temporalities she needs for her existence as a society.

Lucid Intervals

A famous designer of aircraft was studying closely a stuffed bird in the museum.

"That bird seems to interest you, sir?" observed a passerby.

"It certainly does," was the reply, "it's tall appears to infringe on one of my patents."

*

There was a question. We didn't quite catch it. Anyway, the speaker replied:

"Sorry, my friend, your question is not germane." This settled that man but his pal was aroused. He lurched to his feet, pointed his finger at the speaker and said:

"Germane, heh? Well, you keep my wife's name outa this."

*

Several times within ten minutes the same man had appeared at the ticket window and had purchased a full-price ticket to the double feature. The sweet young thing, intrigued, asked: "Tell me, why are you buying so many tickets, one at a time?"

"Oh that. Well, every time I try to go in they tear my ticket in halves."

*

This story is told about the professor. He received a telegram informing him that his wife was very sick. He left immediately and traveled for twelve hours, when he remembered that his name was not John and that he was not married.

*

Terry came home rather disconsolately and by diplomatic maneuvering mother discovered that he was worried about his first confession, made just that afternoon. Solicitously she asked: "What was the matter, Terry dear?"

"Oh mommy," he answered, "I got as far as the pains of hell, and then I couldn't go any farther."

*

This was in London.

"Fare please." The passenger paid no attention. Again the conductor said "Fare please." Still the passenger was oblivious. Then spoke the conductor: "By the ejaculatory term 'Fare' I imply no reference to the state of the weather, the complexion of the admirable blonde in the contiguous seat, nor even to the quality of the service given by this philanthropic corporation but I merely allude in a manner perhaps lacking in delicacy but not in conciseness, to the monetary obligation set up by your presence in this car and suggest that you liquidate."

And so the fare was paid.

The condemned, a negro, stood before the judge. The trial had been a dramatic one. The judge said to the prisoner: "Sambo, have you anything to say before you die?"

"Yas suh, judge, ah wants to say that this will teach me a lesson for the rest of mah life."

*

South American humor is a kind all its own. Here is a sample. Manuel sat all alone on the streetcar. The sun was shining full on him and he was bothered. The conductor saw that Manuel was in trouble so he said, "Manuel why don't you change seats?"

Manuel looked all around the car, then shook his head.

"Change with whom?" was his query.

*

The bus conductor waited patiently while the old lady read laboriously through the destination.

"Is this a Barking bus?" she asked at last.

"No, ma'am," answered the conductor, with his thumb on the bell-push. "This one purrs."

*

A SPECIALIST: One who knows more and more about less and less until he knows everything about nothing.

*

The old lady was mad as she approached the clerk in the pet shop.

"That parrot I bought yesterday uses violent language."

"That's right, lady," said the clerk. "He does swear a bit, but you ought to be thankful he doesn't drink or gamble."

*

Little Billy, aged 4, was being shown the shape of the earth on a globe atlas by his mother. After pointing to all countries with their peculiar shapes, she asked:

"Now, Billy, what shape is the world?"

Billy, looking very wise and happy, beamed on her with: "It's in a terrible shape, daddy says."

*

"You followed my prescriptions, of course?"

"Indeed I did not doctor, for I should have broken my neck."

"Broken your neck!"

"Yes, for I threw your prescriptions out of a third floor window."

*

Drunk (stopping street car): "Say — thish car go to Fortieth Street?"

Conductor: "Yes."

Drunk: "Well, g'bye an' God bleshe you."

*

For cockroaches don't use sodium fluoride because children or cherished pets may eat the sodium fluoride instead of the cockroaches.

Editors' Platform

THE LIGUORIAN has a slogan: "For lovers of good reading." It also has a platform, consisting of five points or objectives which are the inspiration of all its editorial policies and behind everything it offers to its readers. They are:

1. To encourage Americans, Catholic and non-Catholic, to think for themselves, which means to look for and evaluate evidence, to renounce ignorance and passion and prejudice, and to submit to truth, wherever found, as that which alone makes men free.
2. To provide entertainment and pleasure through reading, on the principle that reading is free, and no one can be forced to read what he does not enjoy reading. To make people smile and laugh, to satisfy their inexhaustible curiosities, are parts of this objective.
3. To manifest the truth that the foundation of religion is reason, i.e., that reason can lead any man toward the true religion, and that there is nothing in true religion that is contrary to reason or unsupported by reason.
4. To defend and promote American democracy by showing that its essence consists in the recognition of dignity and greatness of the individual human being, which dignity and greatness spring from man's relations to God, and are enhanced by fidelity to obligations and progressive improvement of character by virtue.
5. To campaign against evil wherever it is found — in individual lives, in family relationships, in business and government — because it is evil that destroys men's souls, corrupts nations, and is the cause of all wars.

Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime and criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

Reviewed This Week
Last Horseman, The
Once Upon a Time
Tucson Raiders

Previously Reviewed
Action in Arabia
Adventure in Music
Adventures of Mark Twain
Ali Baba and 40 Thieves
Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble
Arizona Whirlwind
Around the World
Beautiful but Broke
Beneath Western Skies
Bermuda Mystery
Buffalo Bill
Bullets and Saddles
California Joe
Canyon City
Charlie Chan in Secret Service
Chip Off the Old Block
Corvette K-225
Cowboy and the Senorita
Cowboy Canteen
Cowboy in the Clouds
Crazy House
Creo en Dios (I Believe in God)
Deerslayer, The
Destination, Tokyo
Drifter, The
Drums of Fu Manchu
El Jorobado
Eternal Gift, The
False Colors
Fighting Seabees, The
Frontier Law
Frontier Outlaws
Ghosts on the Loose
Girl Crazy

Girl in the Case, The
Glory of Faith, The
Going My Way
Golgotha
Guns of the Law
Gunsmoke Mesa
Hands Across the Border
Hat-Check Honey
Henry Aldrich, Boy Scout
Henry Aldrich Haunts a House
Hey, Rookie
Hidden Valley Outlaws
Hi Good Lookin'
His Butler's Sister
In Our Time
Iron Major, The
Jamboree
Lady Let's Dance
Laramie Trail, The
Little Flower of Jesus
Lost Angel
Lumberjack
Madame Curie
Man from 'Frisco, The
Man from Music Mountain
Marshall of Gunsmoke
Men of the Sea
Minesweeper
Mojave Firebrand
Monastery
Moonlight in Vermont
Mr. Muggs Steps Out
My Best Girl
Mystery of the 13th Guest
Nabonga
Navy Way, The
Oklahoma Raiders
Pardon My Rhythm
Perpetual Sacrifice, The
Pinto Bandit, The

Power of God, The
Pride of the Plains
Racket Man, The
Raiders of Sunset Pass
Rationing
Riding West
Rookies in Burma
See Here, Private Hargrove
Shake Hands with Murder
Silent Partner
Sing a Jingle (formerly "Lucky Days")
Slightly Terrific
Song of Bernadette
Song of Russia
Song of the Open Road
Story of the Vatican, The
Sullivans, The
Sundown Valley
Tarzan's Desert Mystery
Texas Kid, The
Texas Masquerade
There's Something About a Soldier
This Is the Army
Three Men in White
Three Russian Girls
Thundering Gun Slingers
Trocadero
Tunisian Victory
Two Girls and a Sailor
Two-Man Submarine
Vigilantes Ride, The
Weekend Pass
Westward Bound
We've Come a Long, Long Way
What a Man
White Cliffs of Dover, The
Wyoming Hurricane
Yellow Canary